
nob jonni
and the
girl from
space
ARIES
LIBRA
brother jt

NOB JONNI

and the

GIRL from SPACE

A Tale for ADULT Children

recorded by Brother JT

I wanted to share this little story with you. It was written while in various states of mind.

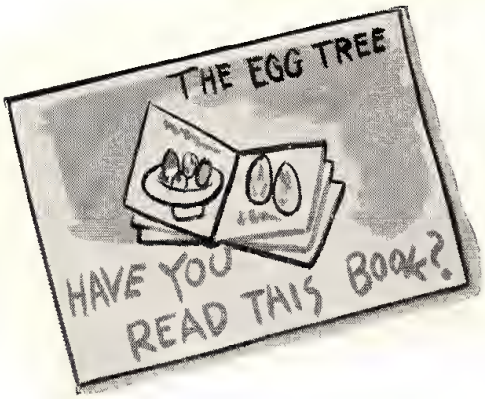
It's not really for children; there are poisonings and bowel movements and swears, among other inappropriate things. I just wanted a simple framework to make the results a little more readable.

In fact, it's less a story than a collage of words and images meant to suggest certain concious and sub-concious feelings. I guess you could think of it as poetry if that would help.

In any event, I hope you can get some kind of enjoyment out of it.

Thanks for stopping by.

--Brother JT, Easton, Pa. 2013





CHAPTER ONE

All About Nob Jonni



Now, Nob Jonni was a bad little boy (psychic age: 37).

He did NOT enjoy:



noodles, or poodles, or puddles, or muddles, or TRYING, or vampires, or foxes, or boxes of SPECIAL GRAVY FUN, or pounds of lox smashed into your face with putty knives, or Space, or tykes, or lakes, or pomegranites, or lemons, or demons--well, he kind of liked demons--or PEOPLE, or dancing, or

or nobs, or gobs, or mobs, or parties, or Dukes, or whimsy, or Pleas for Gentle Living, or busted nuts, or pancake grease, or Living Peaceable Kingdom Ways--[And now a word from our sponsors. Our sponsors are The Spirits, Inc.]
I am surrounded by flickering lights--in a tent I think--
'He' is speaking...
"These homes have been rid of their toothsome members. Write Allah soon to judge un-wholesome ones with fudge-nut cooking aplenty. Feast too soon on the nut hard *flaget*--[spelling somebody?]"

"Need a good spell to wake from. Here is how we even are now: Wounds of sisters who we may depart from soothing. Sabres carried for alleviating symptoms of the My-Pie-Flu--sorry, discotheque out of service now. Speaking of rested ways and universal thanks to the Troops. Doing their thing for Allah. Hey, Milk and Honey spilling down my basement steps last time I checked."



[now back to reg. sched. prog.]
or naked monsters on fire with
love for ‘Hey-I-Made-It” or
french teeth or spooks or
gramophones, or nannies in
the pool with Tom, or
’vibrate when necessary’ or,
lately, much of anything.
(or spools, either, really).



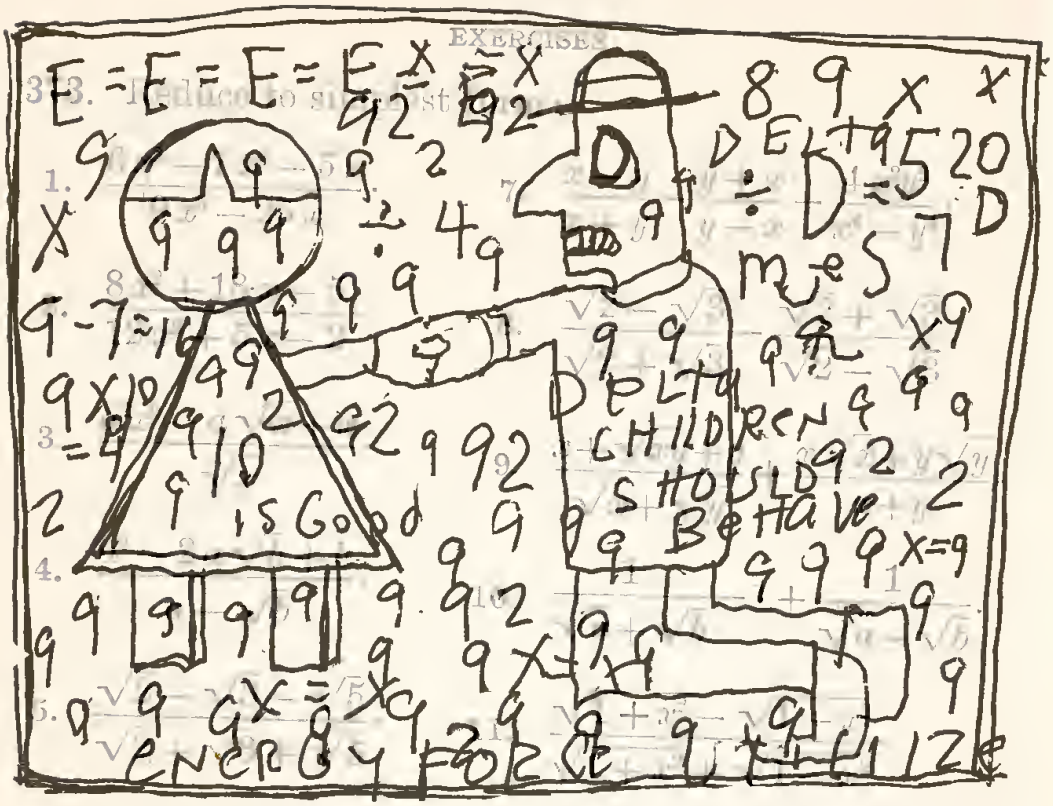
But what Nob Jonni
ESPECIALLY did not
particularly
care for

was...



Oh, he'd spy them and then
decry them, he'd watch their
FLEETING FELINE WAYS
with chagrin, with no grin,
but maybe a certain...





It just didn't add up for Jonni. Didn't see the percentage in it, what with the eventual *moistness* and nets and wonderful dinners in Vermont and watching each other die, etc.

No, Jonni NO LIKE-a de GIRLS. Puma Essence--out.

CHAPTER TWO

Jonni and Marsha



And there was one girl that
Jonni loathed all special-like.
Her name was



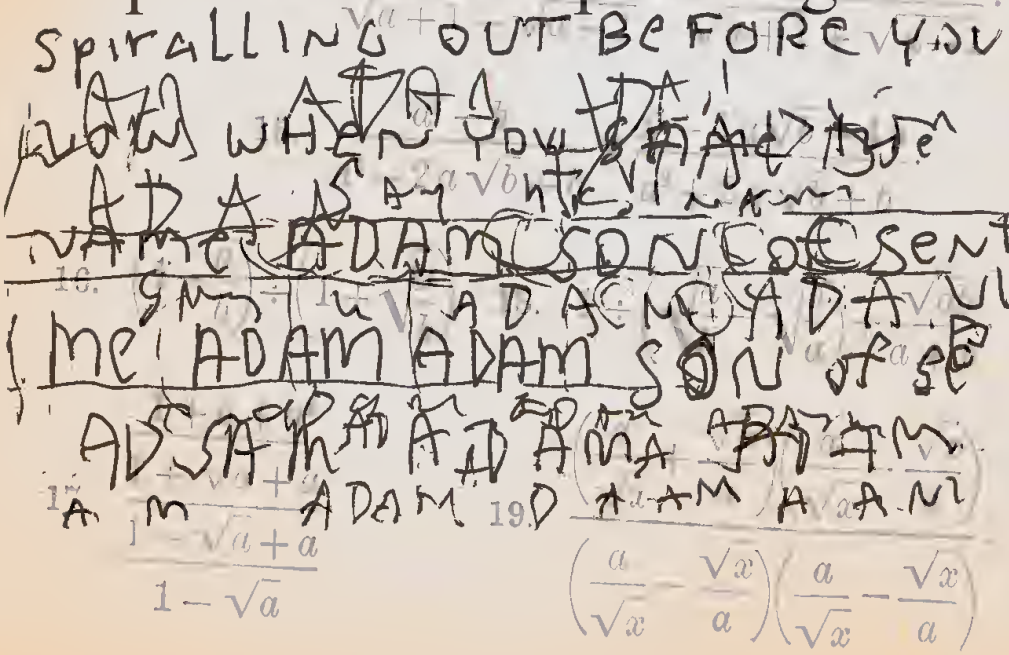
Marsha, let me tell you, had tangelos for eyes which you could squeeze and get her dirty memories from. You drink her memories from a Martian cup provided to you by the Elders here is the picture on the cup:



It's plastic, the cup. He's supposed to be part lion.

373. Reduce to simplest form:

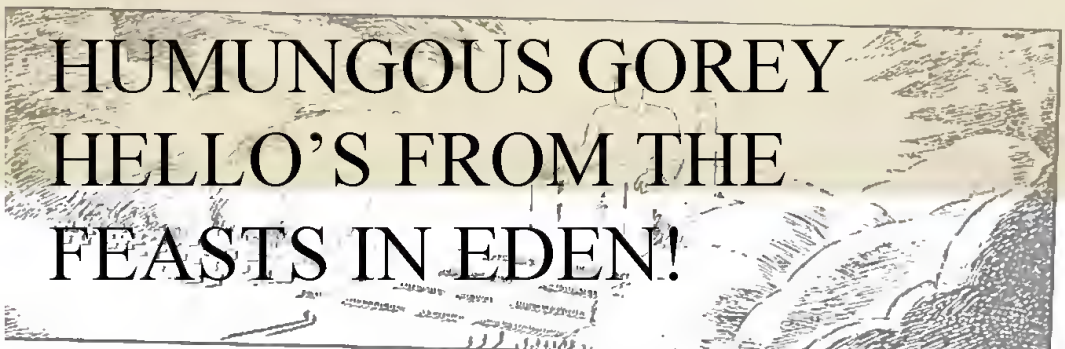
Oh, Marsha so vexed Jonni with her plumage. Why did his innards do this and that when he thought of her which was pretty much ALWAYS?
"A curse!" he thought.
"I have been CURSED by this woman's family."
Her family was that of the historical ADAM. ADAM, was not a man but an equation. he is spiralling out



BEGINNINGS OF the
UNIVERSE. TIME IS A
PLAN, NOT A MAP. I AM
i am this now is the you
HAPPENING WITH YOU NOW
is the how is the we are
IN TIME WE ARE NOW THE NOW
the now we do not do not do
PAST IS NOW THE NEXT PAST
mellow mellow mellons
TIME SENT IS NOW FUTURE NOW
members passing easy
PAST TIME IN NOW IS FUTURE
seasons tried in new
NOW PAST TIME IS NOW IS
TIME IS PLANE OF IS NOW
IS GOING IS NOW IS FLOWING
PLANE OF FEATURES OF NOW

HERE NOW PLANT WISDOM INSIDE GROW HAPPY.

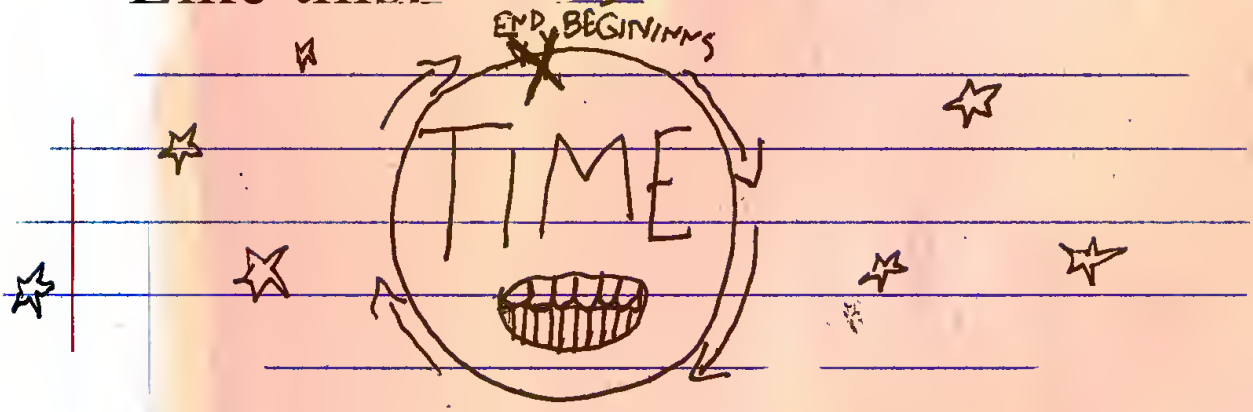
HUMUNGOUS GOREY HELLO'S FROM THE FEASTS IN EDEN!



"AND I SAW THE DEAD, SMALL AND GREAT, STAND BEFORE GOD; AND THE BOOKS WERE OPENED: AND ANOTHER BOOK WAS OPENED, WHICH IS THE BOOK OF LIFE: AND THE DEAD WERE JUDGED OUT OF THOSE THINGS WHICH WERE WRITTEN IN THE BOOKS, ACCORDING TO THEIR WORKS."

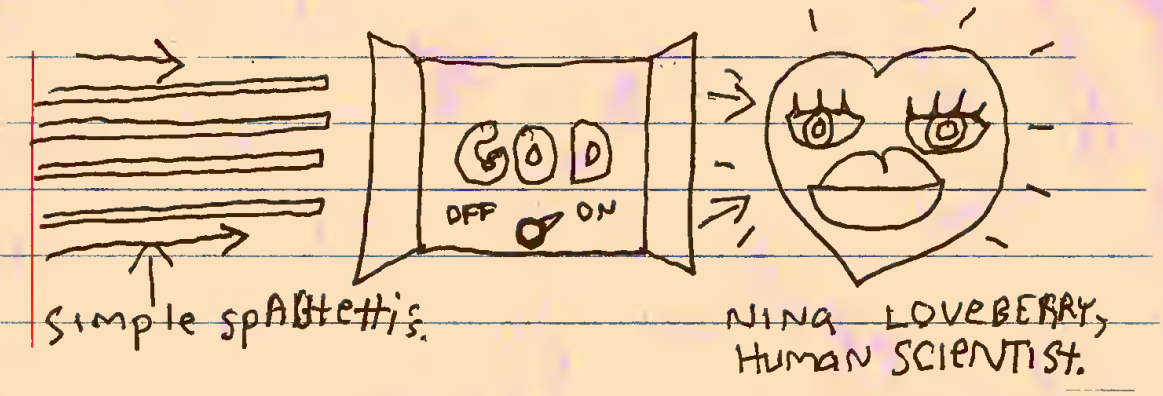
Revelation 20:12

[a possibly better explanation]
Had waddy. Had waddles, mocks mixon, picks of the heather. There was time at the beginning alot before but it was NOW. Now is THEN. Like this:



See? I am was and you are is and we are Paul Bugega. And God, btw, God is a mite. He might, He mighty, he BIG BAD ENGINE GOIN CHOO CHOO! All the freakin TIME.

Hey, let me to esplain to you the primary workings of this engine, like so:



OK? A filter with unique properties. Roses made from ant dung. And you are NOT EVER gonna be God, get that thought right out of your head. It's like a letter wanting to be a mailbox. Stupid letter. I hope it's for me, I like letters. WRITE ME A LETTER!!! [end of explanation]

But back to ol' Marsha.
She was a flop. A mop of
too-fey hair-do flair cologne.

REAL
DROOPSVILLE.



But Jonni had flab over her. Why, he was two po' chicks south of a load. And then Junior wants to borrow the, uh, commode for a while. And cook up somethin' good up in there with Henrietta and her chicks. Good chitlin gravy licked offa sum serious toes. Manwich and a half!

her saw hen baby saw baby



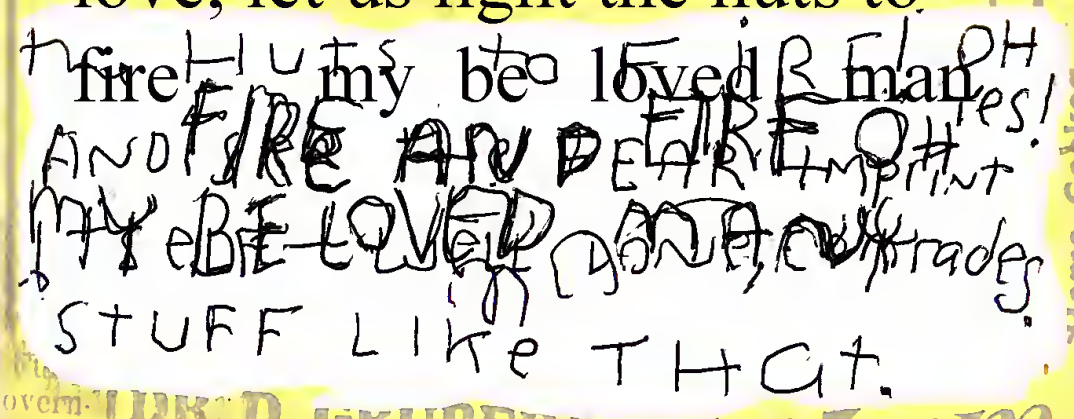
Mother Pal

CHAPTER THREE

The Juicebox Incident



Despite (or because of) his secret feelings for her, Jonni thought he'd fix Marsha, alright. He plotted her demise with no little amount of glee. For Jonni, truth to tell, was a bit of a black-hearted oaf from the no-soap tribe in Russia. They bred misery into these people even as they made love: "Oh darling, the babies dying from our sick love, let us light the huts to fire my be loved man.



I keep digressing! Sorry!

Jonni had it all planned out.
A tete-a-tete over juiceboxes.
It came to pass in this way:



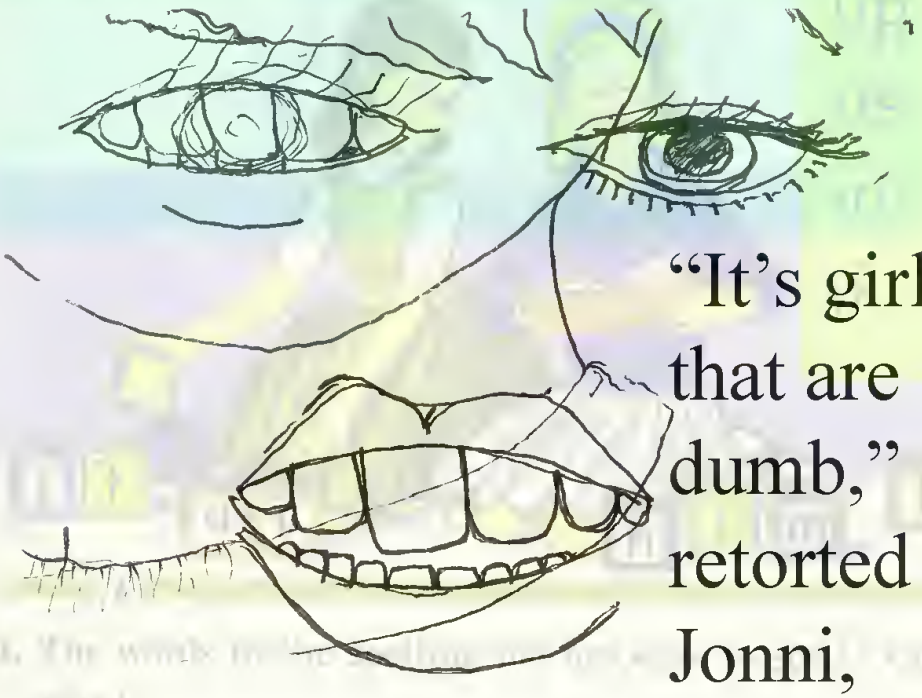
MARSHA: Um, Jonni?
JONNI: Yeah, babe?
MARSHA: Um, Jonni, my, um, candy fone is ringing, I'm gonna have to take this. [into fone] Um, OK, like later. [to Jonni] It was your big ugly nose calling, Jonni, he said he had to run. [joyless giggling].
JONNI: [stunned silence]
MARSHA: I have a belly tattoo of a Dustbin Beaver with huge golden eyes. Wanna see it? Huh? [lifting her Too Pain rap idol shirt] I *said*, 'huh?'.

Nob Jonni was nearly catatonic with fear and rage.

"Oh loosen your tight wig hat," Marsha advised. "I *know* you like me. It's painfully obvious by your trembling hands and enormous throbbing *Merkaba*--you know, your spirit vehicle?"

But Jonni was non-plussed. He was aware of no 'spirit vehicle'. It was just more witchy girl-talk as far as he was concerned.

"Boys are so dumb," Marsha concluded with a delicious sigh.



"It's girls that are so dumb," retorted Jonni, "and even evil at times, now Marsha. You lie and spy and gossip. You like black magic and scented candles and giggle incessantly about NOTHING. You help propagate our hated species. And your bodies are just ridiculous, going this way and that with great pounds of jally teat! And you're eyes are wonderful--"

"AHA!"



Marsha cried out, pointing at Jonni. "You LIKE me--NO! You even *LOVE* me, like Bob McAdoo loved to sink jumpers, stinky boy! I'm telling every-one you think my eyes are wonderful! Like pearlescent



nodes in the droppings of a super poodle! You squat thrust doing my face in your head with extreme peaches!"

"Marsha--" Jonni mewled, but she went right on squawking.

“Marsha, I--” Jonni tried to interject, but she would not relent. “6 old things I know about you, Nob Jonni:

1. You’re a pablum spite fodder.
2. Your father a democrap.
3. I ate eggs on wedsday.
4. Ape, or dixie-fried.
5. Too loose, la trek, wit yo pants off.
6. You weak in the knees FO YO MAMMY--BOOM!”

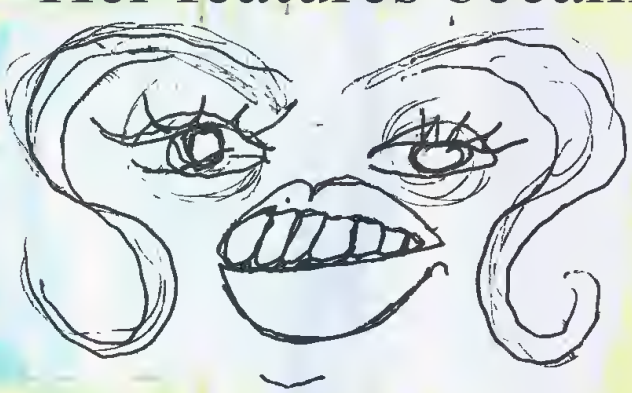
That tore it. Jonni smiled for the first time in several months. “Marsha,” he began, relishing each syllable as he spoke,

(And oh, but the iron bands around this boy's heart.)



"I have poisoned your juicebox with Fitch Lotion. You soon will break out in hives that will form pustules that will form a government that will vote you out of office in Breathingville. You've got Croat's Luck, toots, you're cooked."

Marsha finally stopped talking. Her features became calm and even pretty. She took one deep breath.

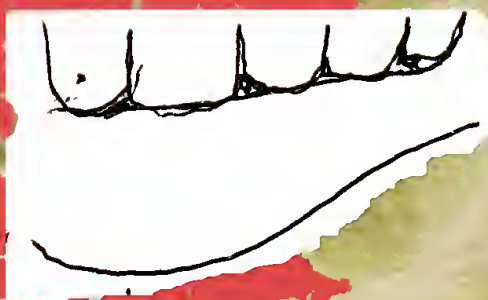


"Jonni," she said evenly, "I am breaking up with you."

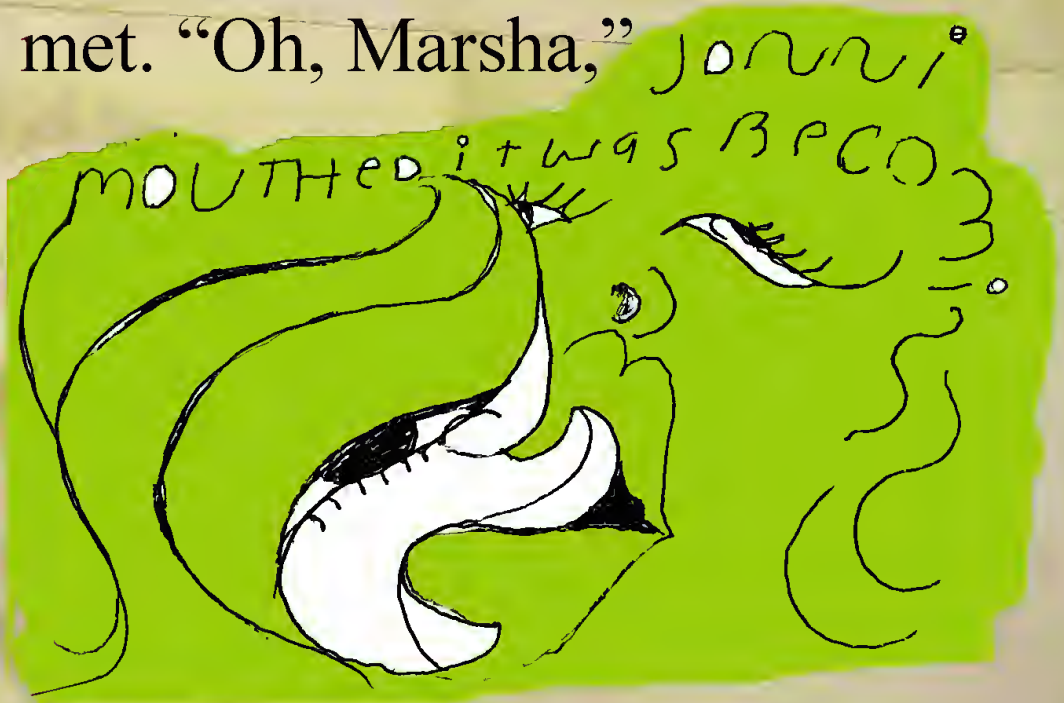
CHAPTER FOUR

The Testimony of Musket Davy





"Oh", Marsha added, "I poisoned you too. The root of the May Apple. You'll either become a man or go insane. I learned about it in 7th grade English." here she paused. "I've wanted to do it to you ever since." Strange new emotions flowed with the poisons as their bleary eyes met. "Oh, Marsha,"



And Jonni saw mauve fog troopers storming his treetop lair. “We can escape by glider, Mrs. Mussolini,” he breathed in her foxy ear. “Douse me with your fine tiger juice now miss, surpise me with a raunch aroma.” They took flight, billowing in the rude winds that astounded the Count. “Pie is made for shooma fancy, uh, ways.” were words he heard whispered in his buzzing ears as he gazed on the grey gravy world dribbling away into a sea of hot black tar-black-neverness, g’bye.

And fibrous nodes were made known to him in his bodee he never knowed. When pushed oozed sumpin like vanilla puddin formed a face of most fearsome mop. Looked exactly like Kenny Rogers. It said, "We are the authors of you're behaviors son, now don't be silly. Just because you say 'you're mine' I'm maple tree choppin' in grass-hopper times. Fine minds wore down by scoffin'. Toffee. Toffee top fee toff little MUNKEE. Bit a hole in his knee so to say I am BLAM."

"Am bland, am famished for good hooker shams. All load of pecker envy, today of all days, birthday of our main *schlemiel*, Hoof Motzy. Now Hoof was a very great maypole swinger from the 8th Estate. Said he blamed the sundown on nasty gravity, popped the moon into your eye to make Pismo Beach nudgings more visible. Because when you bet the sailor seashells, she sells out many pumped young'n's. Why, she Mount Caramel, POOM!" It smiled dully at this remark.

"Like that, able to eat all willing at mingey bounce, a mouth made by Nature's graces to mold hot wax jumpers to extraordinary omens. He popped on her caboose. Train stuck in tunnel. No survivors, all requests denied. Final, all sailors final."

"I'm not sure," thought Jonni, "what you mean by all that. But I liked the way you say it don't spray it."

"My name is Musket Davy," it replied.

"I don't care, " thought Jonni.

Musket Davy looked vexed.

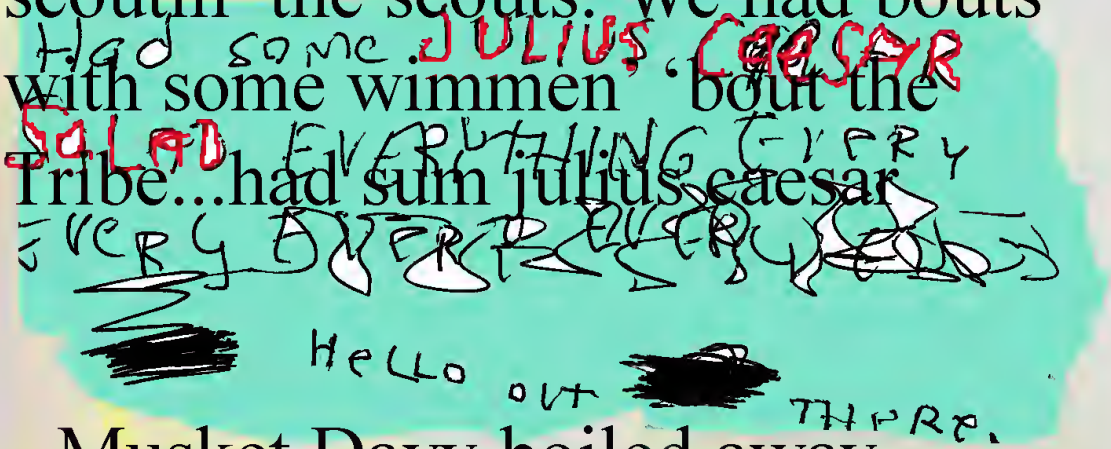
"We fed, we fish, weeping," Musket Davy continued, "We bed sad small mothers for strewing aimings for jump... Sorry, so many sea stories to tell, of how wet water gets stuck in a man's soul. You bet carny oysters, never made it to the plate, they lapped em down snugly with a good amen. FOR THE FATHER'S OPEN LOVE IS FOR ALL creatures, the father, *this* father, *that* father. Father a brace of honeyed sons to stuff up this place with! You sore from stretching your arms out to embrace the sorrow."

“Even fair gentlemen,” he continued, “can even be a snowstorm blanket white straightjacket. Even pairs of gloaming Romans beseech the Great Satan for poor Rapunzle’s juicy links. S’not over, it’s over, WE ARE SMOT, smoted, I mean. Balmy juries reach verdict says RELEASE HIM. Set loose the knee-jerk of penny lights, the baked Salem pies made of women.”

“You’re a real corker,” thought Jonni. “I think I am dying.”

Musket Davy considered this for a moment, then continued.

"You boink a Derek's fancee," he said, just like he was telling Jonni he needed a new muffler. "He blows cotillion horns in the face of young lasses, finer strump from mutton I've had. Pumps for makin' it *jive*. Jazz was a nancy boy language for our math. Biggest problem is scoutin' the scouts. We had bouts with some wimmen 'bout the Tribe...had sum julius caesar

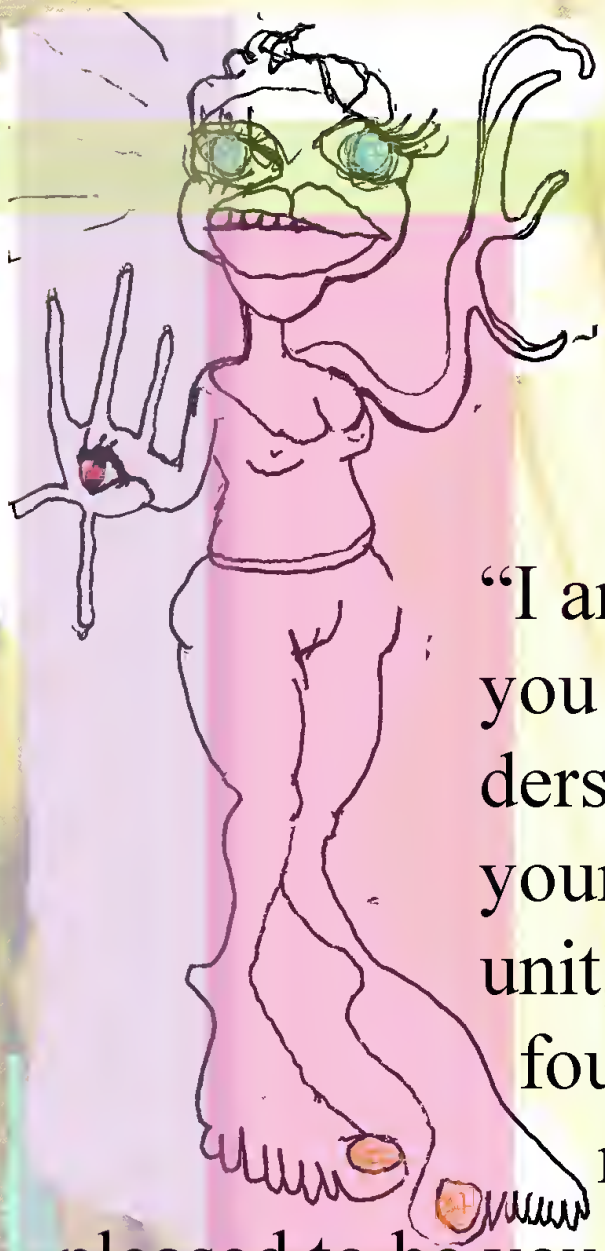


Musket Davy boiled away to white steam then, and Nob Jonni awoke to another world, and big eyes of black Luv.

CHAPTER FIVE

Joolee From Space



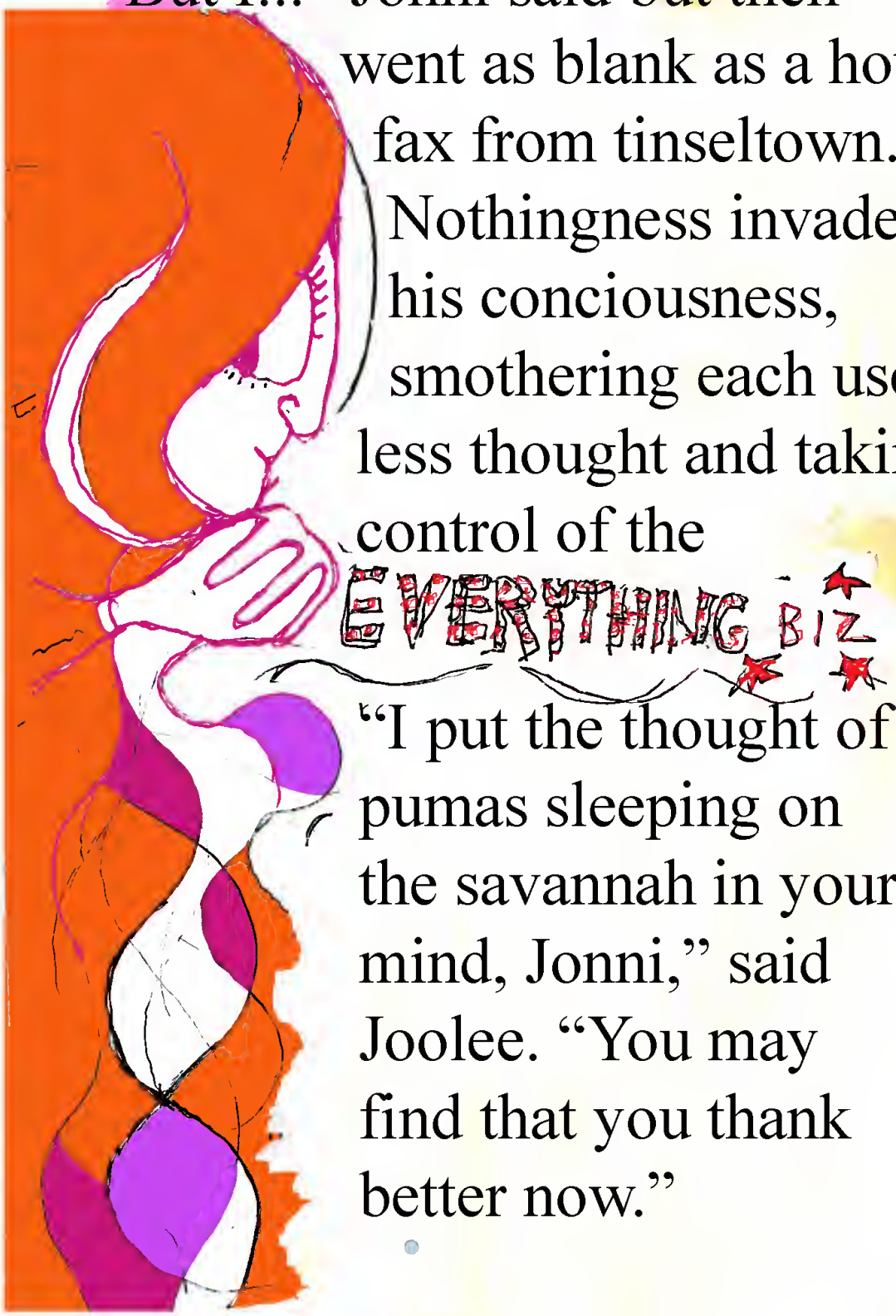


"Hello, my name is JOOLEE." said the creature.

"I am talking to you from my understanding of your vibrational unit, a number four-ought-and niner? I am pleased to be your consort with regard to the Blibba Blabba Boo. Funk must be a priority. Cholly Jackson ALL the time--*with an easy, smiling air.*"



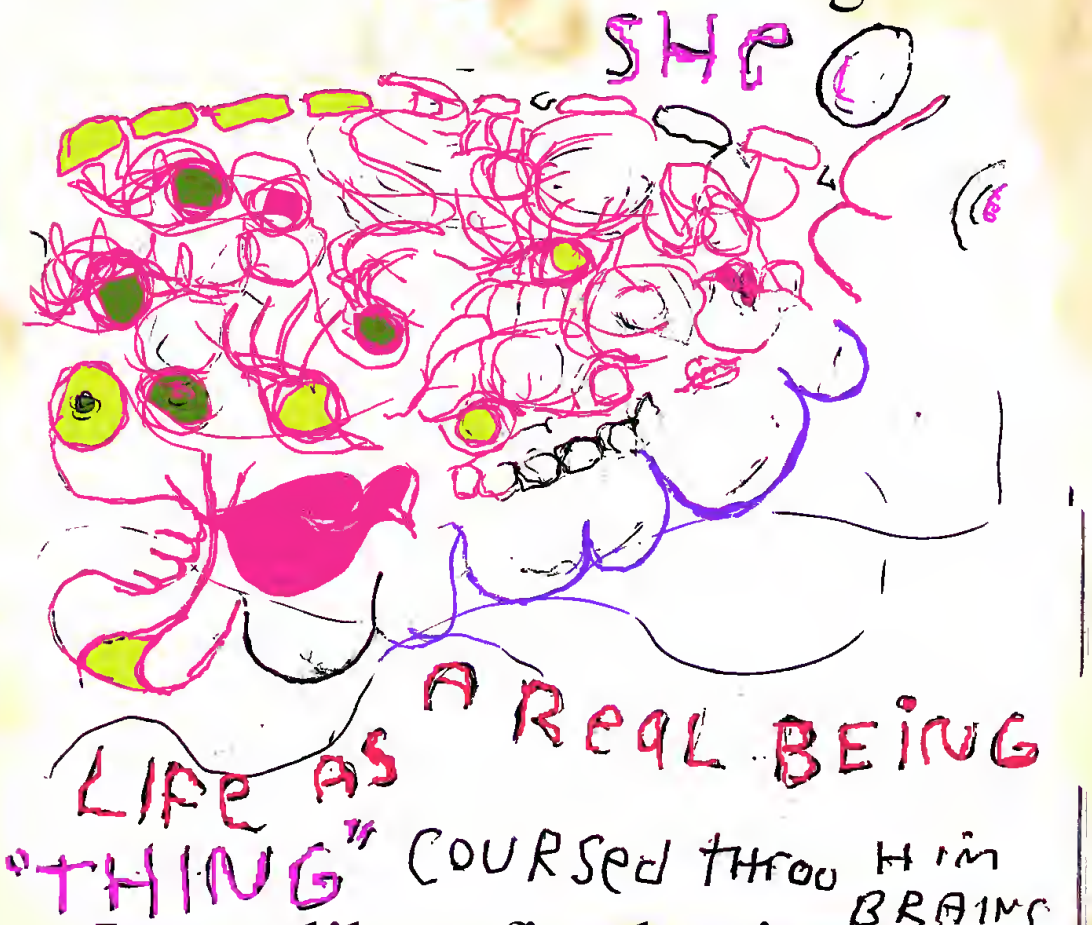
Jonni was entranced by Joolee's air of calm, transfixed certitude of events past and future. Instantly he felt INVOLVED in her awesome, splendid pie face! And welters from past psychic beatings blossomed anew via the synced LIP GLOSS EFFECT, mooshi mooshi. He wuz stabbed, but good. Words would be insuffi-cient to describe the feeling of radiant hot shiny-ness that poked his scrambled brains while in her presence.



"But I..." Jonni said but then went as blank as a hot fax from tinseltown. Nothingness invaded his conciousness, smothering each useless thought and taking control of the

"I put the thought of pumas sleeping on the savannah in your mind, Jonni," said Joolee. "You may find that you thank better now."

“Did you mean ‘think’?” Jonni thot, but she seemed, ‘No. Let me bite into your chubby face Jonni...” And in seeming so



It was like a fine hot jazz combo led by the great Satan himself played a rhumba on horns made of cherry jello.

“Oh my heavens, you know NOTHING,” she exclaimed. “From the bottom I must begin. You are a primate hybrid from planet Mek you call Ert. Your ancestors are apes and a species from vibrational unit six-eight-six, Ermans they are known as. Grey trash if you ask me! This is the root of your struggles. Erm, you see, is located next to a nearby synthesis of dimensions making such a merger all the more likely becuz it wuz FAT WIT JAM UP IN THERE HOPPIN ON SPRING’S COAT!



Here Joolee mumphed into a great bird of sorts the better to make her case for FLOATING BEING REALLY DAMNED AWESOME. POWER FEELING. JET. SUPERB. IONS. “Units we express as ‘turds you long to say goodbye to.”





Lore of twice often folded fables pans out as drab humdinger, bosia on the wall with nails in. His mum was a kite. You fly his mum in the bright blue burping freedom of astonishing astom



And you place the 70 crowns on the 70 heads and touch off the DY-NO-MITE powder with sparks from your joinings.



"Duz you luv yo mummy, pump-kin pie?" said Joolee, sipping on her syrup nip.



CHAPTER SIX

Theories in Extra-Dimensional Travel, or the Testimony of Jessup, Abe Lincoln's Talking Raccoon



"Where are you from, Joolee?" thot Jonni. "I am from the planet Hema in the Parus of Fomet, near Spars, New Jersey," she replied patiently. "Yes," that New Jersey. But you can't think of it that way, it's DIMENSIONAL, silly. Here, maybe this study aid will help. Your President Lincoln had alot of cabbage rolls at dinner one night. "Mary," he said, "You've outdone yourself again, you roly-poly kook! I must excuse myself to the outhouse lest we both expire from the fumes..."



dimension 18



dimension 68



dimension 284

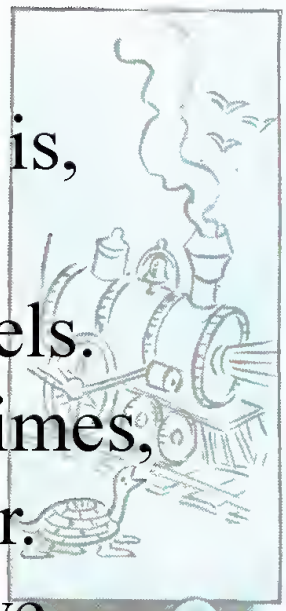


dimension 9

"Different Abes on the same pot forever. Dimensions r fun!"

"Did Uncle Abe take a dump, Joolee?" asked Jonni, somewhat distraught.

"Oh, you can bet your life he did, Jonni. And he still is, forever pushing it out on countless dimensional levels. We are around you at all times, but moving MUCH slower. We can see you because we LOOK REALLY HARD. You're like our TV, Jonni. Like a cartoon pussy with your catty antics--'Oh, I don't like girls, girls are smelly.' You'll bite off your thumb over that smell soon!"



How does he look? How does he look?

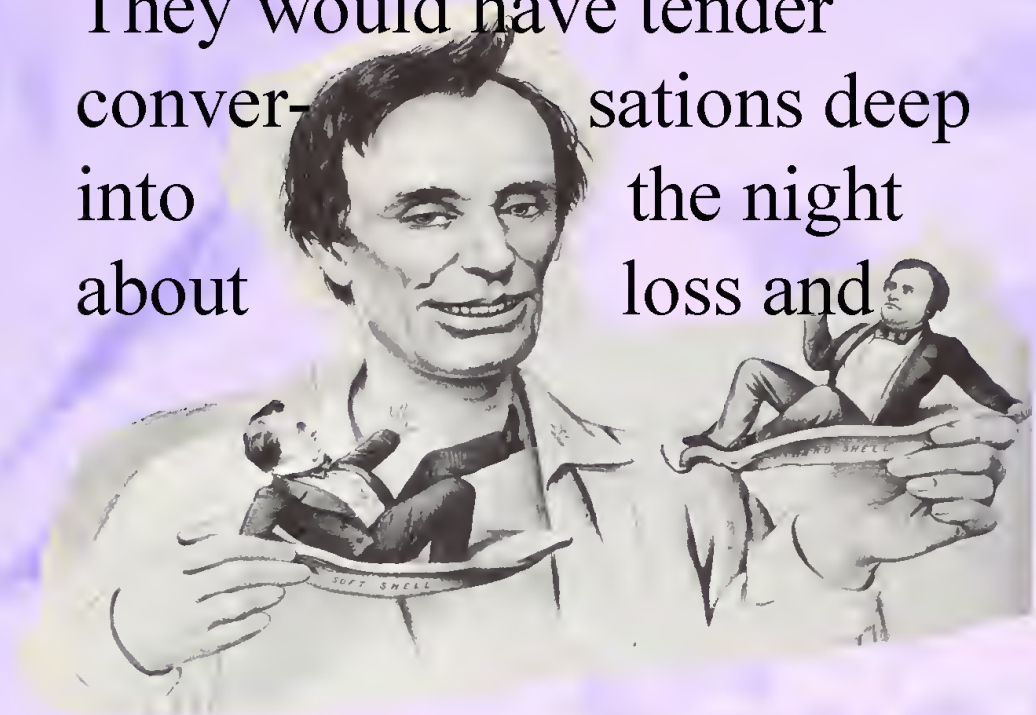
"But what happened to Mr. Lincoln on the toilet?" shouted Jonni. He loved Honest Abe because of his ugliness.

"Oh well, he persevered," replied Joolee. "His dear mother had always told him, 'Abe', she would say, 'Abe, you're a passing whimsy in the hands of Time, my precious darling. Don't push too hard for things, they will come of their own accord.' And did you know that as a child Abe would look up at a crack in the ceiling of the cabin and see a raccoon?

How does she look? How does it look? The boy came in ___.
How has he been? How is he running?

E * TEST * Turn to page 132.

"Really?" gasped Jonni. "Oh yes. He was a talking Raccoon, name of Jessup. Oh the fun those two had! They would have tender conver- sations deep into the night about loss and

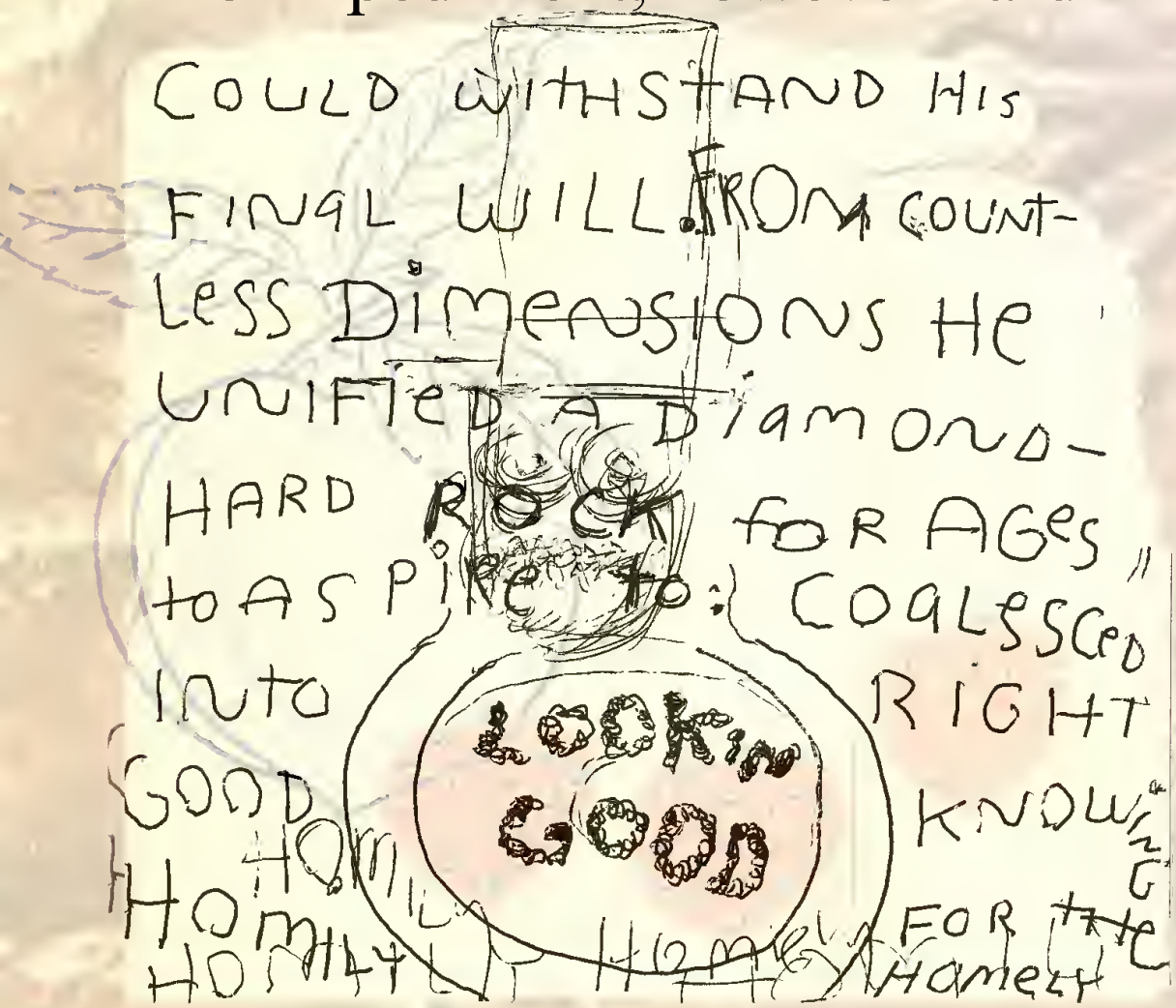


the dandy ways of young mens. 'Abe, scratch my belly for a while till I release my oath' Jessup would say. Abe would sigh and await the inevitable

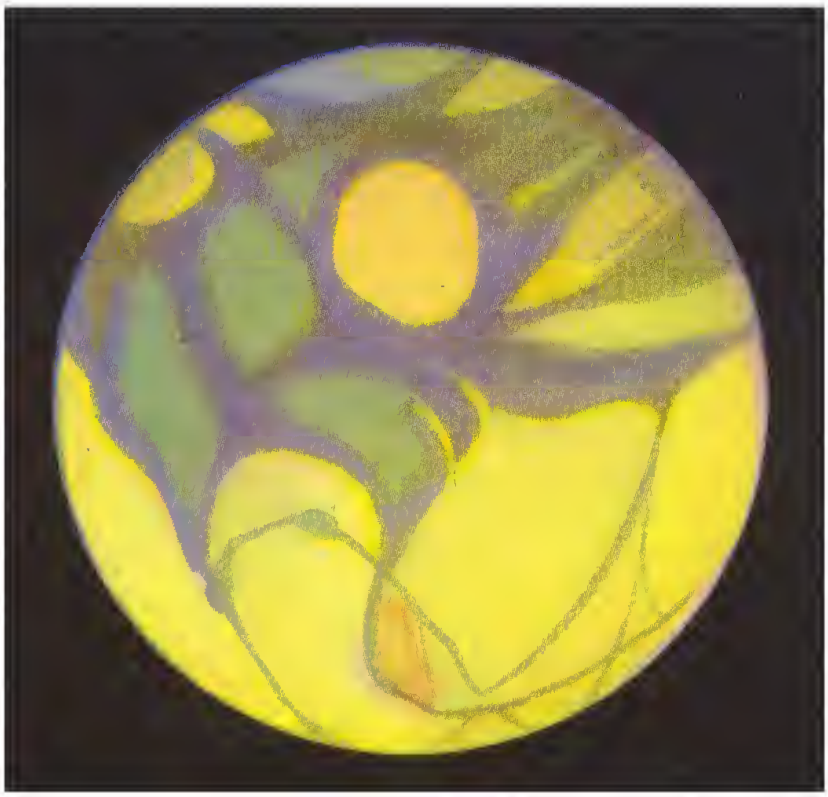
torrent of generally meaningless blather. “Afe. Ayfe. Waif. Fandangler. Ayche. H is for Humunculus. Sour Jay Vee President in Forest Hills CALIFORMULA.” Abe shook his huge head with glee. “Hey, he’s chummy with utter gummy worm chewers of no renown,” continued Jessup. “Pleasure chest rat sphinx of TOTHER NINE, that is in the Quadrant of Hives, by the way. Oohwee, it’s hot baby shower nites in Ram Scott Key I now say, owing to fussy buggers from Darjelly, Ks.”

"Eight hope pics work out," Jessup went on, snarling a little. "Pix of the Bicentennial back in the FUR times. Flix of major gophers goin' to town on must-have loved kids." Here Abe blushed. "Mojo-habara. Mojamahamit. Mohamit vomit, the comet iz cummin. And it has purple eyes, it sees the cooter path-way to center summit of good, hot, nasty even summertimes. Loving the earth to death-- Hey lets make a moovee about it call it *JUNE NEIGHBORS BREAK LOVE OUT WITH A FIST*."

"What has that got to do with anything?" cried Jonni. "Weren't you listening?"scolded Joolee. "Jessup obviously taught Abe how to judiciously parse out his passions, until no impediment, however hard

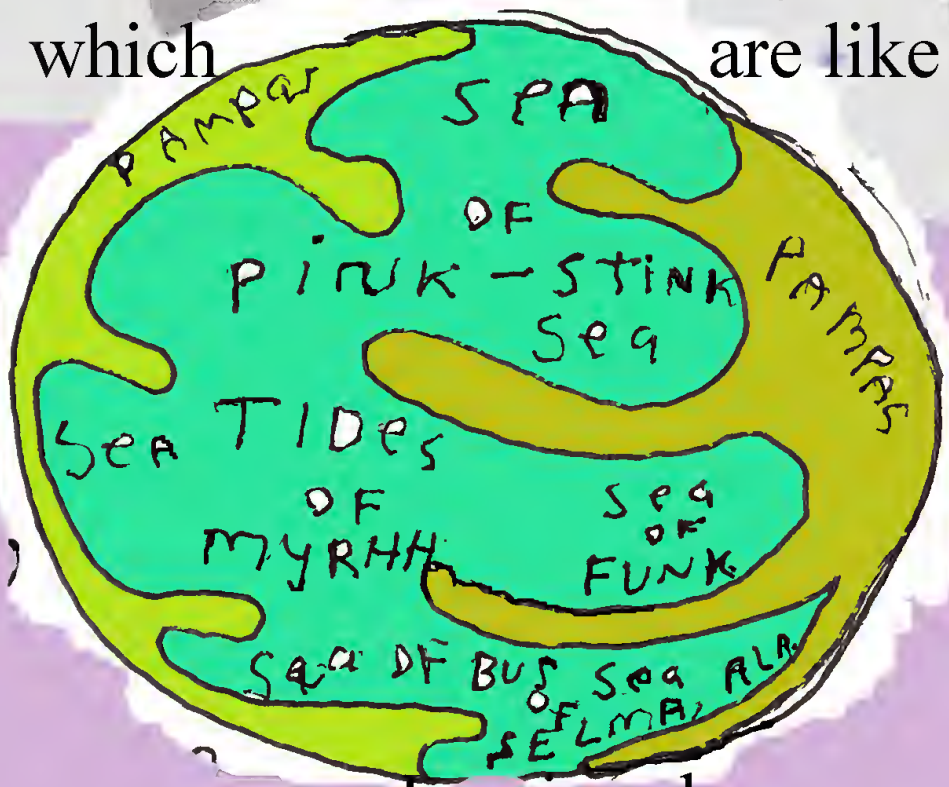


CHAPTER SEVEN
More Fun Facts About the Planet HEMA



Meteor Shower

"What's your planet like, uh, Joolee?" asked Jonni with engorged love eyes blinking. "Oh, it's nice. It's got vast pampas where we herd *genu's* which are like



your cows, Jonni, only we don't murder them, we only pleasure them until they shit yummy cheese, Jonni."



fig. 184

The *genu*, primary animal species of planet Hema. It thinks on the level of our Lady Gaga, so it is treated with a casual politeness. It's cheese secretions are have been known to cause spontaneous paroxysms of pleasure called *curdgasms.*

"Oh my! Is it good cheese, Joolee?"

"Oh yes. We eat it with our mates and are filled with ripe MUM for the Life and Living! It clogs our cells with hot jamtastic FRENZIES, little boy! Fresh, clean booster rockets into vast snatches of Crack Nebula, Jonni!"

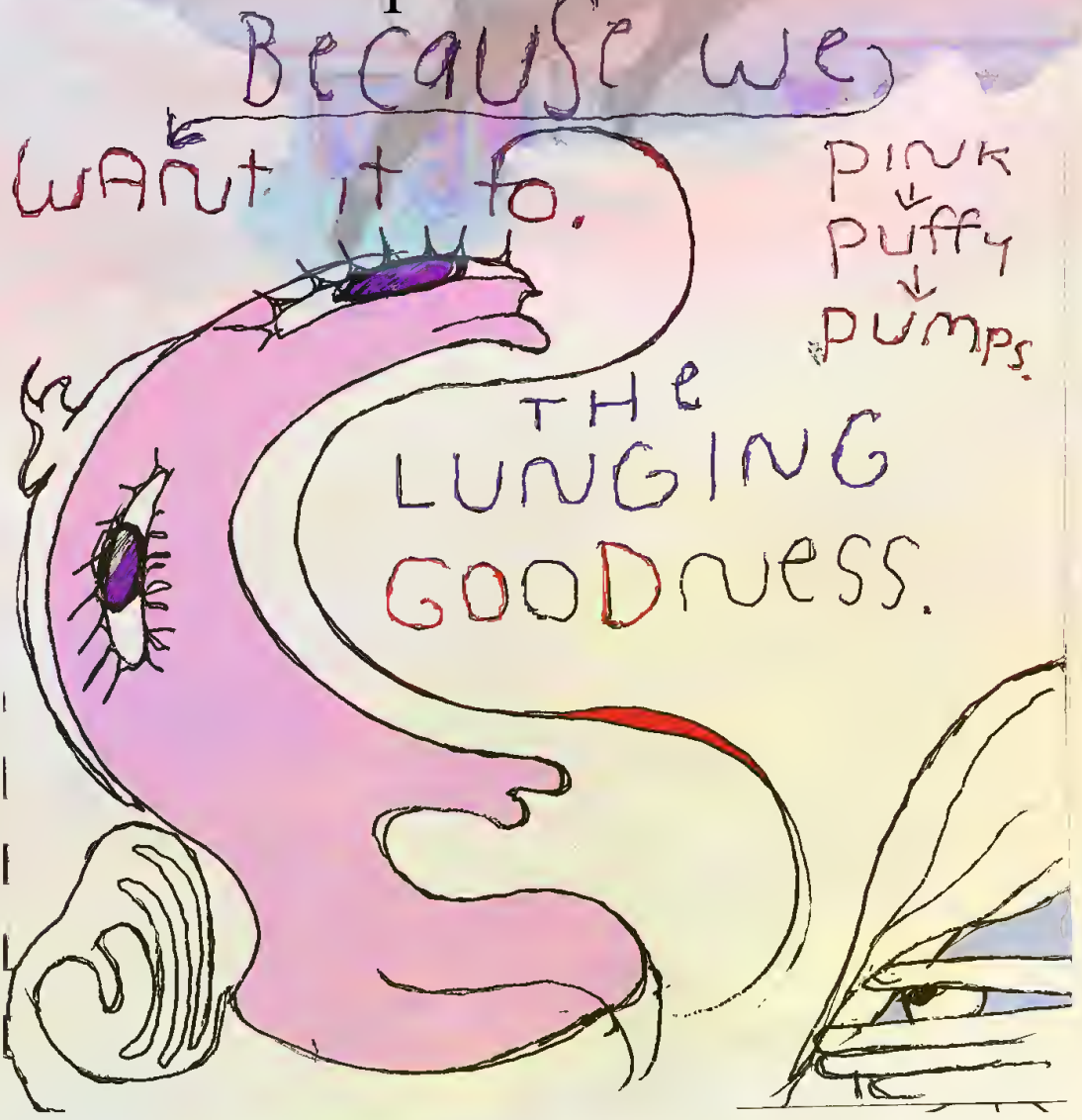


“You must be very happy on your planet,” sniffed Nob Jonni all wistful-like.

“ ‘Happy’,” responded Joolee, “is not a sufficent expression for what Hemans are. We are EZ rocking poppies in the hum of dolorous summer breath. We are toe-clenching on the holy NOW, and forever, too.



“We smoosh revigorating fump nectars into each other at every opportunity and when we open our mouths the air we breathe in tastes like chocolate pie



“We found, you see, through the medicinal use of certain natural roots and fibers that we could tooth our blot nippers on an almost daily basis. By this I mean to say ‘toot our honkers’, dearest Stossy. And why not? It wants us to be ‘happy’, as you would say.”



fig. 188: cactaceae nervosa

“’Happy‘is naked mud wallowing in Hema. Is marsh noodling for sly capers. Hash is, of course, nut *frenzy*. Plenty soppy, tooly tives, much nape of neck hugging. Sluggin’ it out wit da mumps. Kool whipped on top and get yer jollies, yer jellies, yr belly full of hot grudge sandwich action. Glugging down mugs of living wump-ass stews, humps to righteous nowheresville, too. A russian roulette with a empty gun--shootin’ blanks, junior, slap happy. Man, I’m a Mardi and Gras you’s later, pappy. That’s how.”

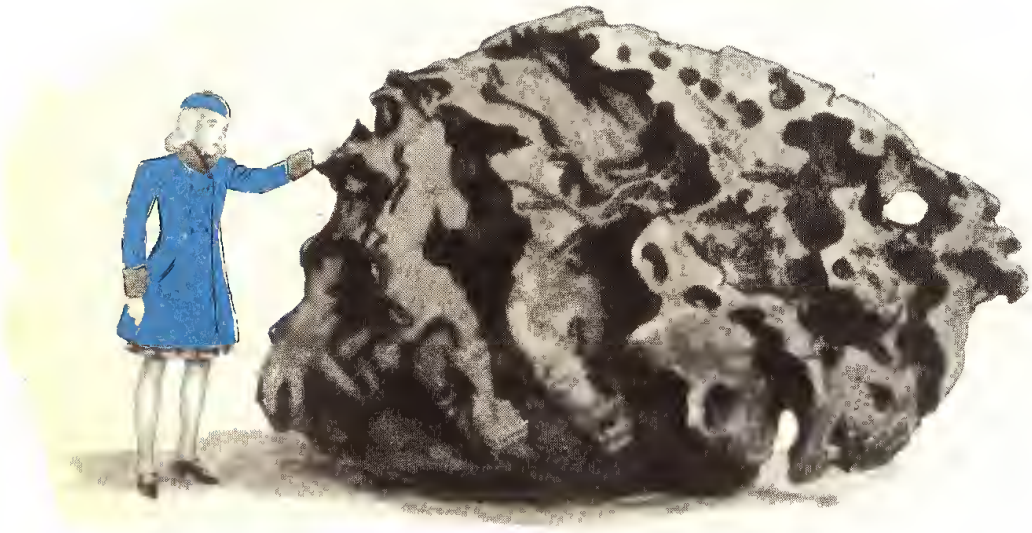


fig. 193: On Hema rocks are sentient beings. Make friends with a rock right away!

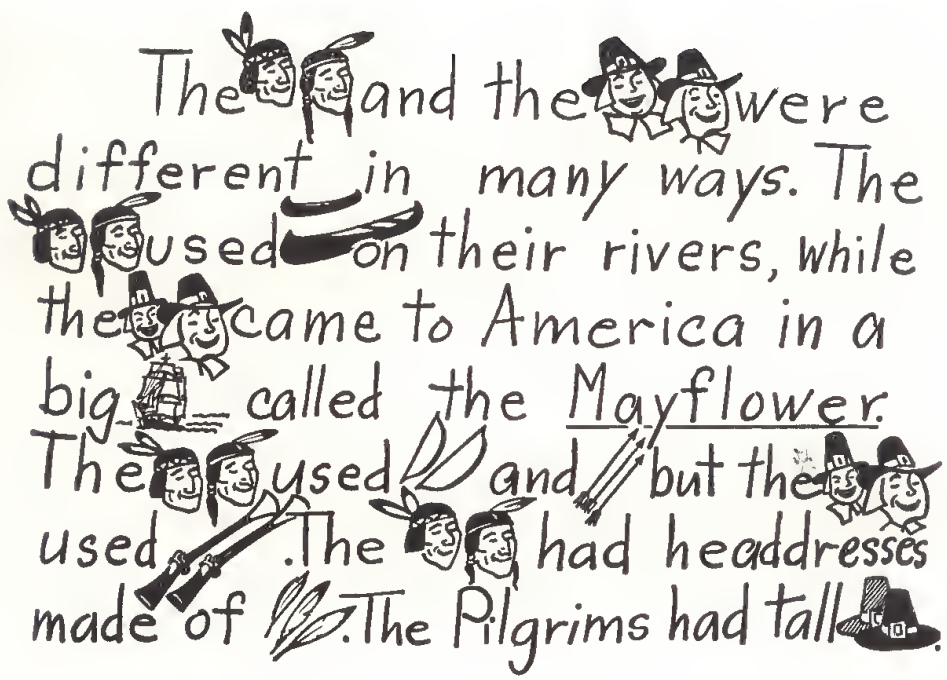
Copy and Fill in the Blanks

1. All the air that surrounds the earth is called the layer of nougat.
2. The pressure of the air is due to its mom
3. A gas that is lighter than air is farts.
4. Air expands when it is farts.
5. The first successful airplane flight was made about eleventy-2 years ago.
6. The atmosphere is at least baby's arm miles thick.
7. Cold air weighs _____ than warm air.

sloppy joes for lunch, eggcellent!

CHAPTER EIGHT

History of the Planet Hema, Part Two: The Thickening



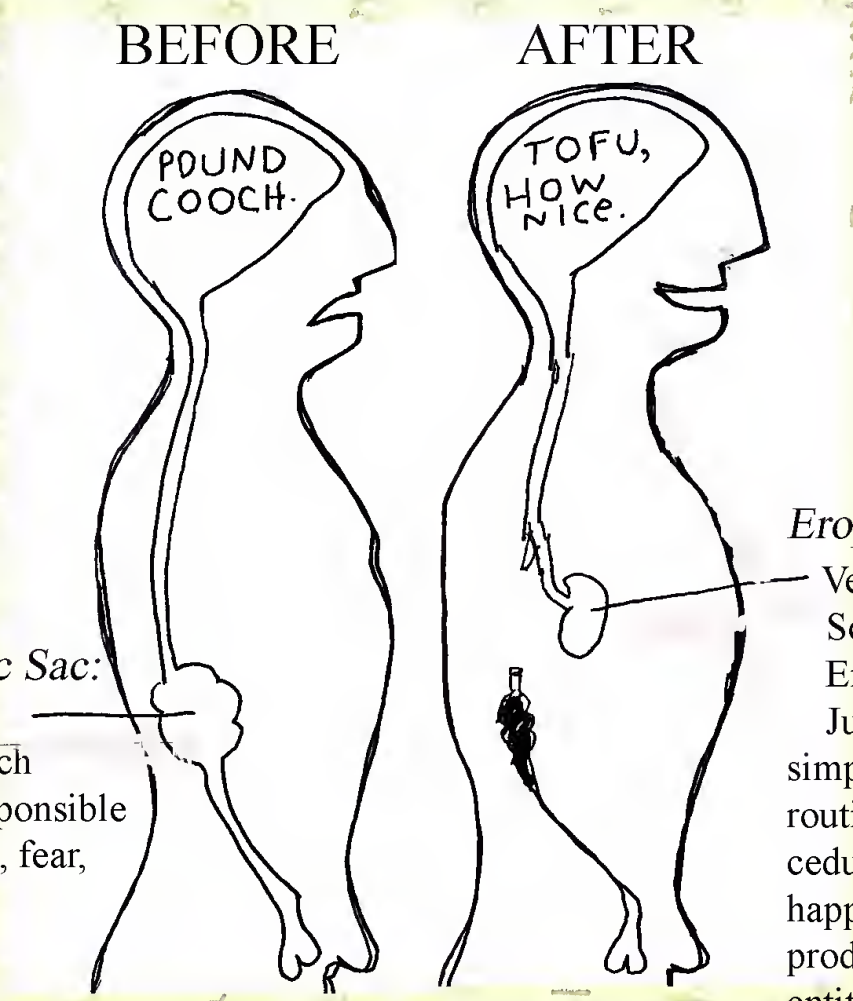


Jonni was humbled in the presence of such Hortense. He plopped, mentally. "You must be repulsed by such a crummy and primitive species as mine," he whimpered. "Oh yes, it's pretty damned 'crummy' as you say. I mean, you peemle is all stuffed with hatin', there. But, alas, we on Hema were once not unlike you."



"You see, we too ham lover animals as ancestors. It makes for out-of-whack on cellular level--always a-tusslin' inside between bludgeoning muff for dinner and building a ladder to lower Heaven so you can punch gad in the nuts. For eons we were lousy with bloodbaths and such. Menfolk just gotta have it, you know? They're all like, 'lemme stab this deer to death for you so you give me Merry Xmas bizness on my special leg, um, Madge.' Verily, it stunk on ice, Jonni boy."

"Everyone was pooped with the dumbness. Eventually *female* scientists located the problem: a minor flaw in the male reproductive system. Maybe this highly technical drawing will help to illustrate:

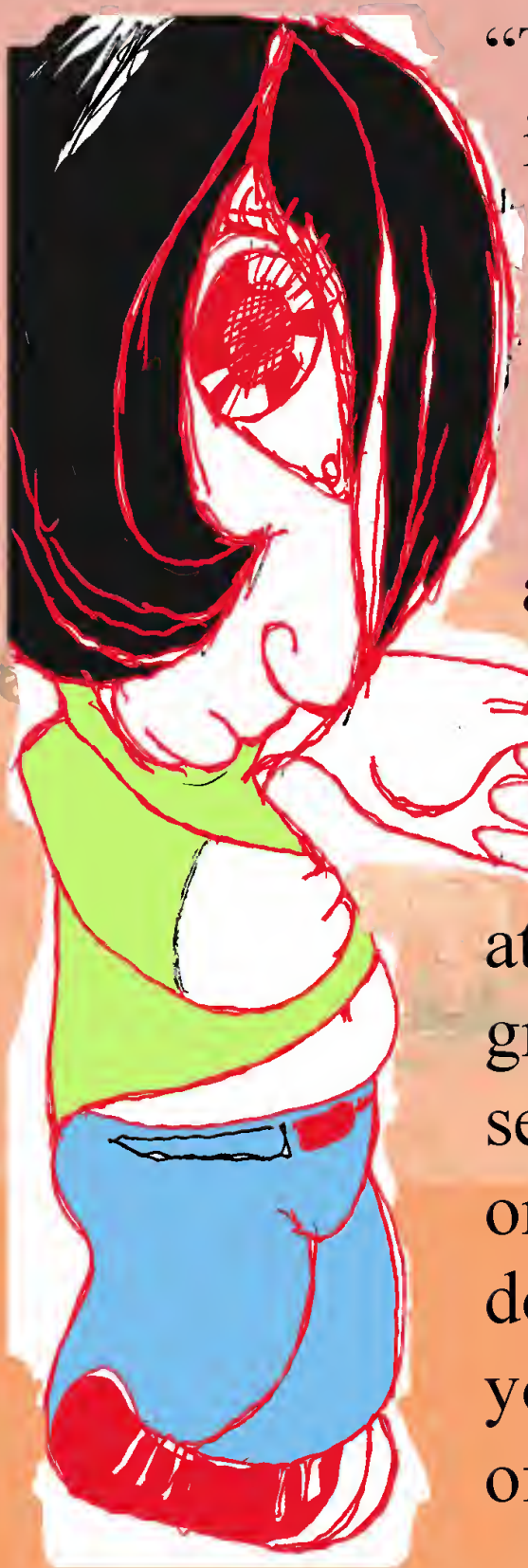


Renoplastic Sac: Shoots hot stabs of munch to brain. Responsible for bar fights, fear, Nascar.

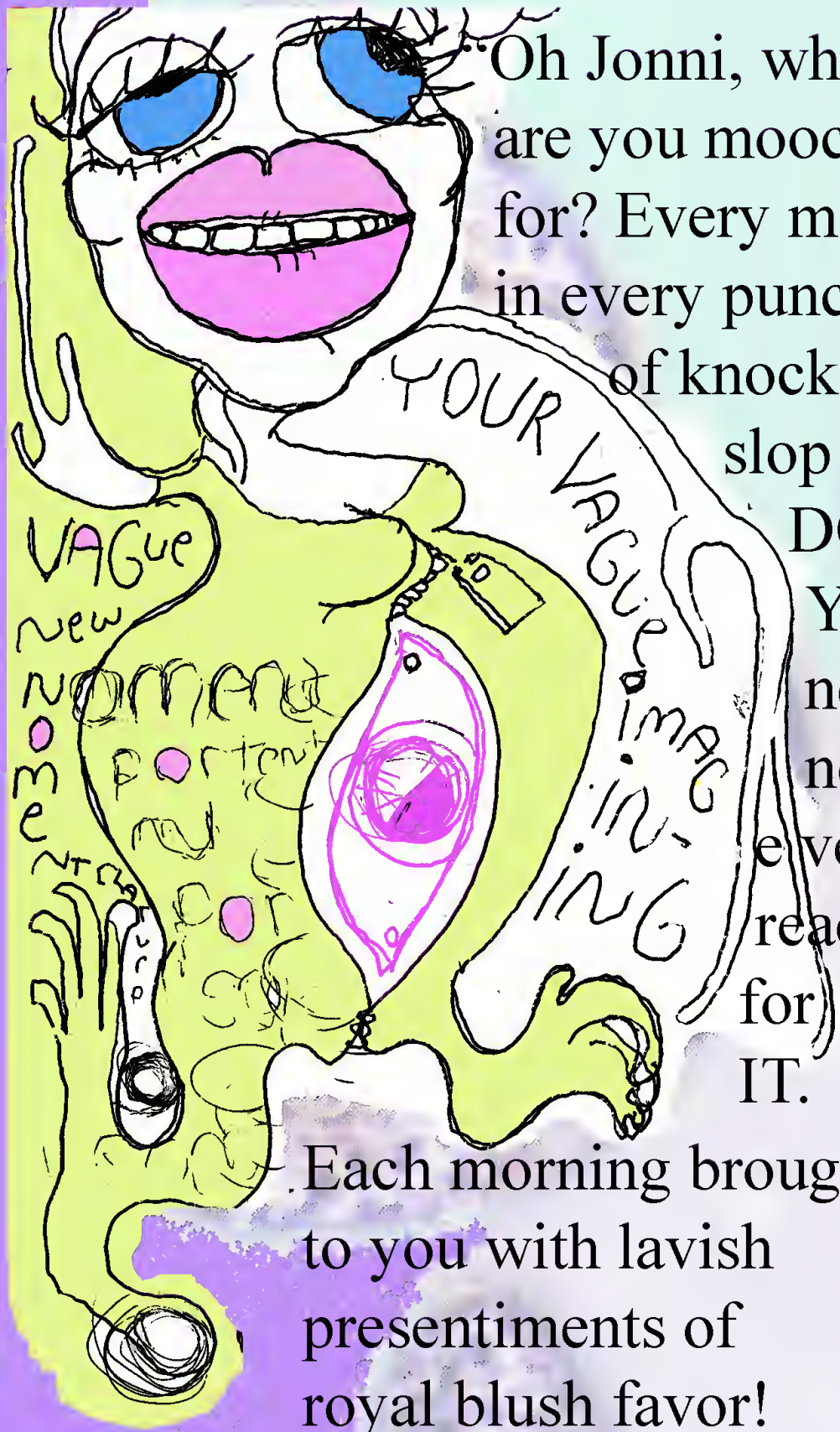
Eroplastic Sac: Vestigal Source of Empathy Juice. A simple re-routing procedure yields happier, less productive entity.

"After this breakthough, we thought we were 'hunky dory' as you 'ho-daddies' say. Oh, but the republicans--I mean--the uh, *reactionary factions,* foisted one last terrible war on our peemles. Our old world ways KABLOOIE. Our fine Knox gold couldn't buy our sons and daughters protection from the Fleet. Fleet o' Nine Tribes, no. The Capital of plunder is hevvy. And they piled it on till it came out your ears, baby--with the toothpaste and tobacco and grim nights seeking moxie in others. Oh how we dun lived!

“Like Ukies on a binge, I tell you, head down porch step crying. We wuz distroyed from the inside. Freedom is what laid our kind low. Too much freedom, Jonni. Love is dumb French Movee without Discipline, my boy. So we dumped out but good, learned to like the stink and named it Geoffrey King of Mishegoss, pumped out plenty rosey-cheeked mop-heads to wipe up the mess. We make them tote X-treme love satchels with a razor in the brain is how we rock now.”



"This I think," interrupted Jonni. "Buy a drunk a whuskey pie, fells him like you done with my eye, and patella, um, bone too. No shop with CANDY ate often by oafs, grin smelling, can sell me a can of orange blessid, uh, doo-dad juice, like you can, swell and often kind JOOLEE."



Oh Jonni, what are you mooching for? Every morsel in every punch of knock-out slop is DOSH. You need not even reach for IT.

Each morning brought to you with lavish presentiments of royal blush favor!

"Bangers and mash for your eyes served with a smirk by the Great Waitress in the Sky!" Jonni stared blankly, uncomprehending, like only a teenage boy from America can.

"Oh, Nob Jonni," she said a trifle wistfully, "It's soon that I leave you and I fear you're none the wiser for all my counsel."

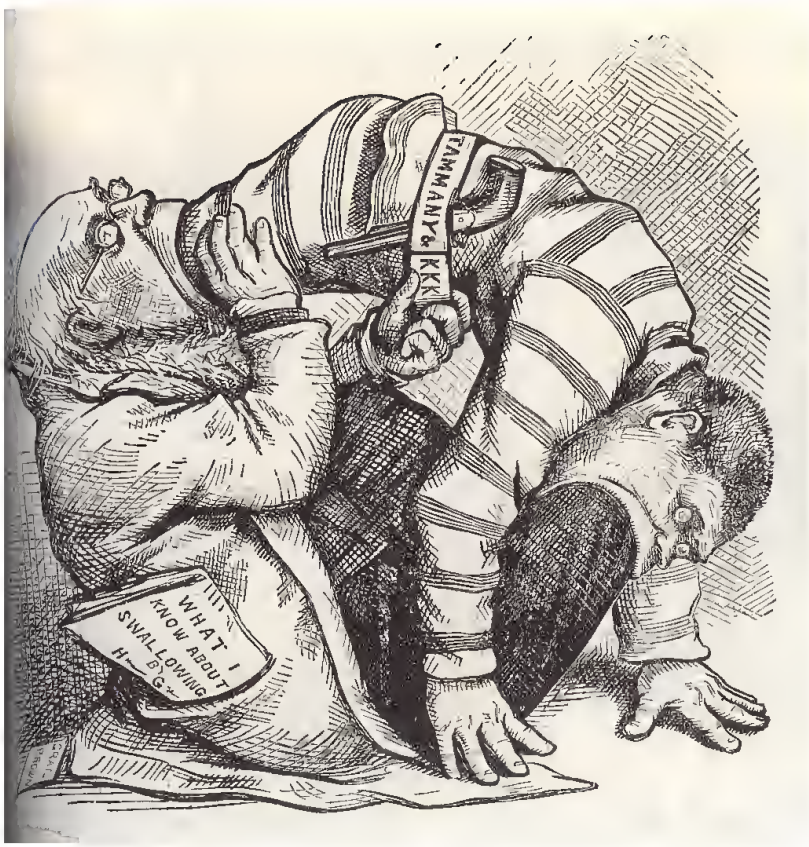
"Leave?" said Jonni, eyes widening.

cow	brown
how	our
now	out
down	house

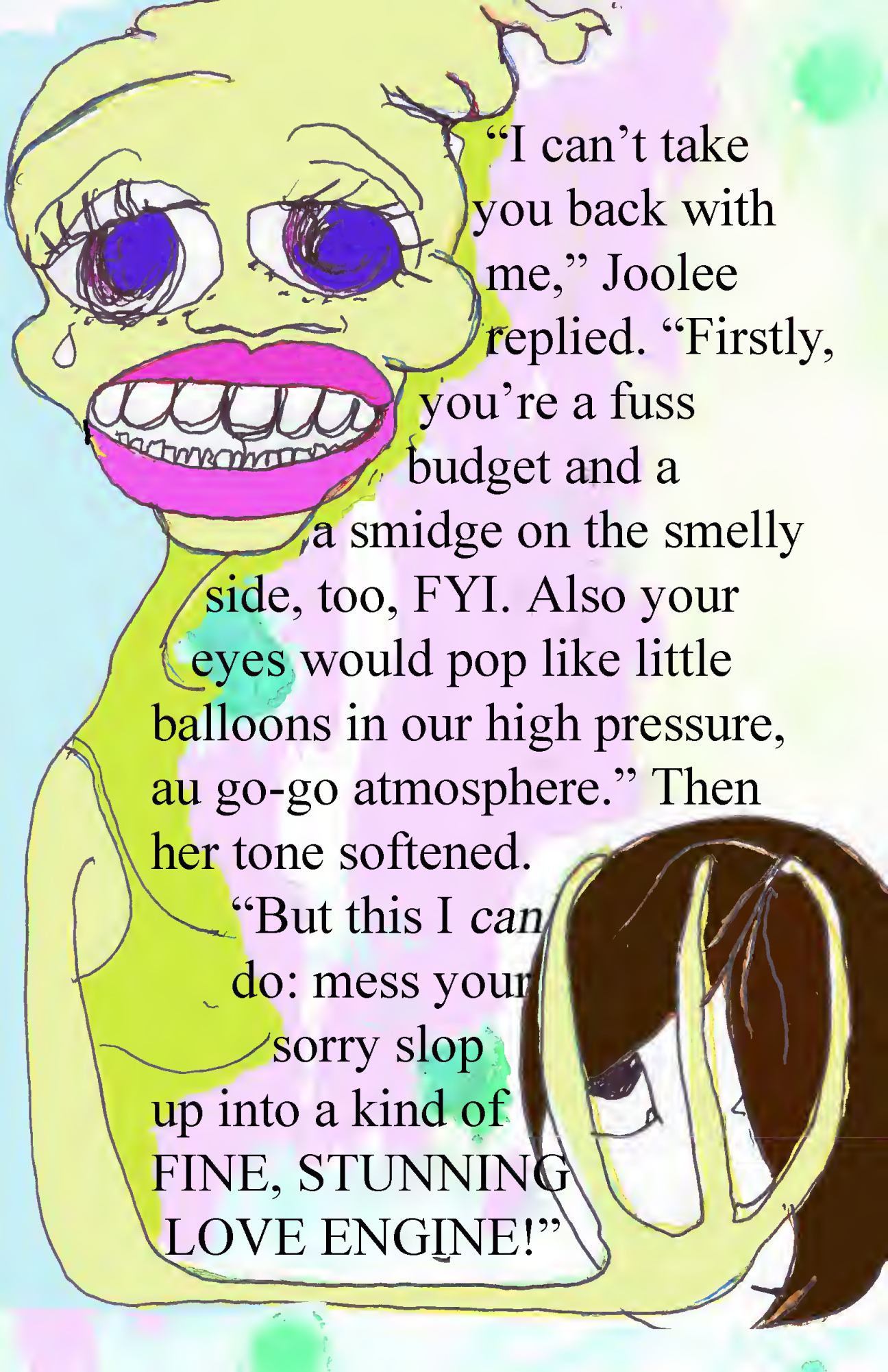


CHAPTER NINE

Joolee Swallows Jonni



"Aw, Joolee," Jonni cryed, "I oven you in the worst way so much as I can taste it. Like a snack-pack when you're on the cold, dusty moon. Put me in your pouch and let's hop, most gracious space goof! Take me back to your planet with you or I'm a sorry sack of a pile of musky haunches over here! I cradle soft puppies while you jilt your space ex! And then it's magic and countless hours we spend dithering and fudging it to the sound of roaring blood in our veins, I tells ya!"



"I can't take you back with me," Joolee replied. "Firstly, you're a fuss budget and a a smidge on the smelly side, too, FYI. Also your eyes would pop like little balloons in our high pressure, au go-go atmosphere." Then her tone softened.

"But this I *can* do: mess your sorry slop up into a kind of FINE, STUNNING LOVE ENGINE!"

"Do *something* Joolee, I'm hangin' out here with my gut!" lamented Nob Jonni. "Well, alright," she assented, "but it will take great dynamite tension and porks of will. You must needs smite three foes:

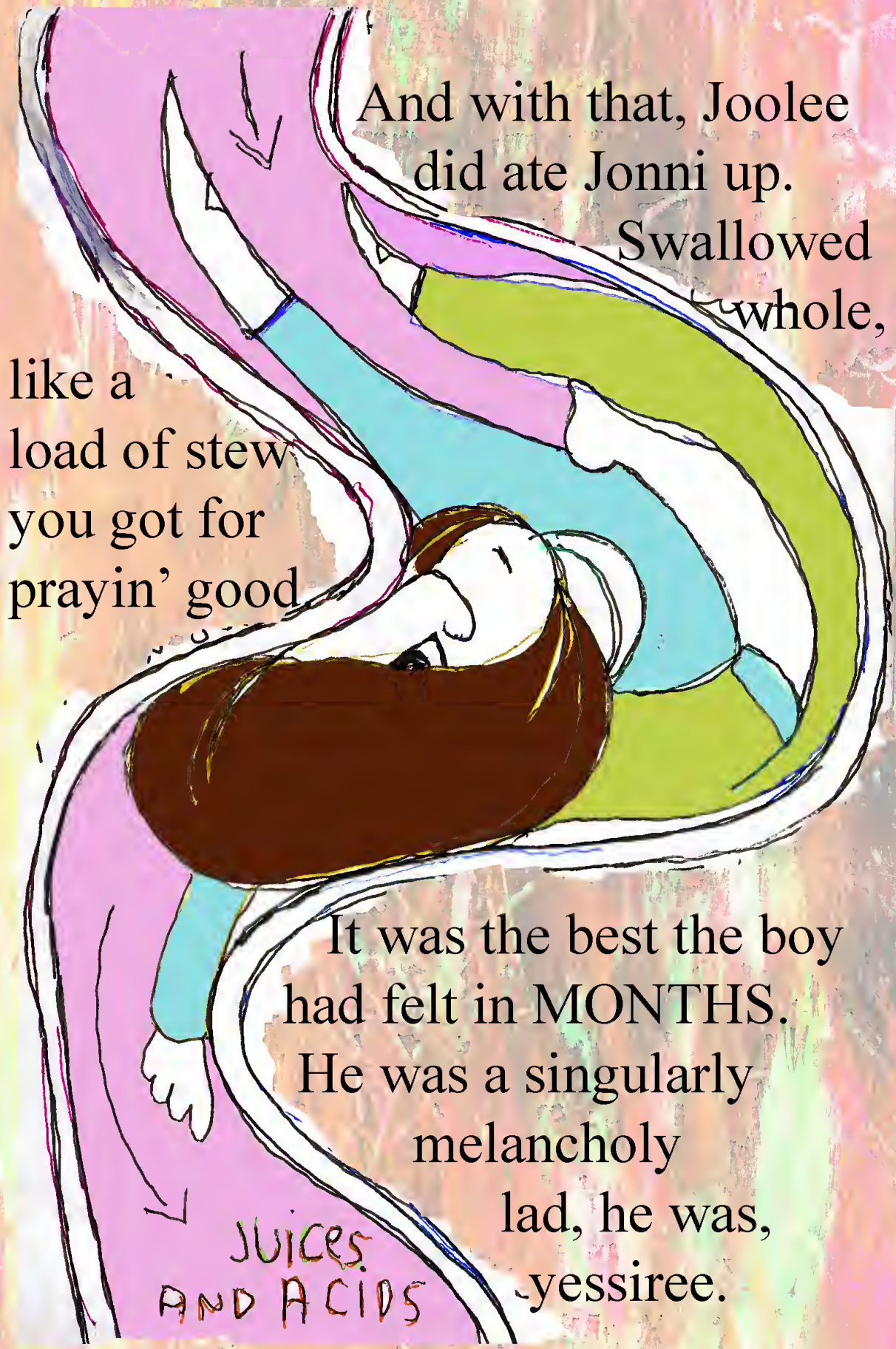


1. Ego, B. Desire, and 3. Racing Boat Champeen Stevie Dykes--oh, I mean Selfishness. Then and only then will you be reborn and kick mass nuggets by being King Action of Earth. You will sty Pete Drake of Abernathy and be knee-deep in slurping hoochees!"

"Oh Joolee!" Jonni exclaimed, "I'm excited in nasty places about your botched attempt to placate! When can I start being an awesome foxy monster robot who is pounding the ladees silly with his skills?" All the while, Joolee was unhinging her jaw, saying...

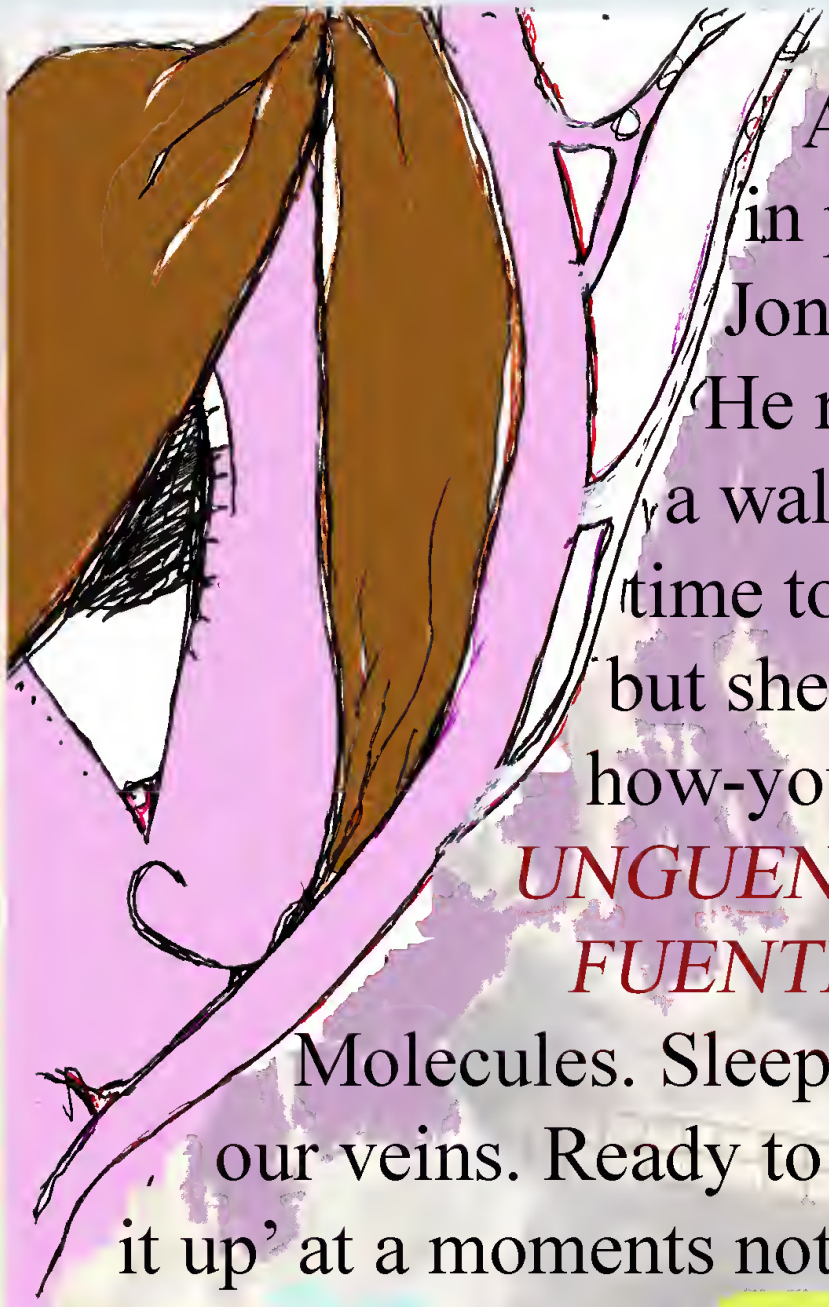



I can only explain.
we have many mouths to FEED.
we are MOTHERS
We
M
U
M.
YOU


And with that, Joolee did ate Jonni up. Swallowed whole, like a load of stew you got for prayin' good
It was the best the boy had felt in MONTHS. He was a singularly melancholy lad, he was, yessiree.
JUICES AND ACIDS

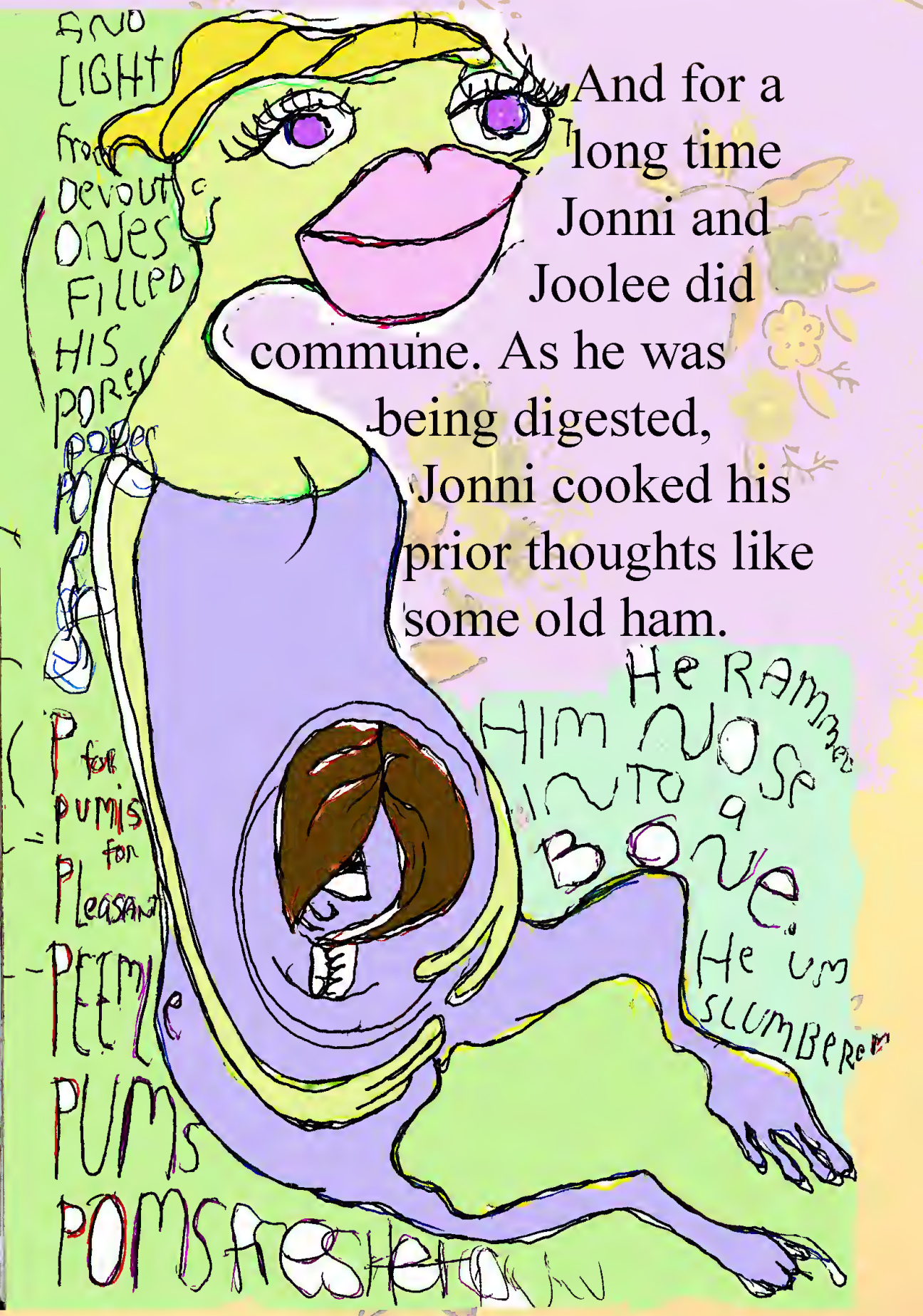


Jonni got lodged in a bladder of some kind. It smelled like a ROY ROGERS. A little bit cramped, but other than that, very nize. Pumped warm grooves through walls. Beat of Joolee heart, blood sending minks to it's new lover in a fountain SPATE of foaming new information he could use to be huge knocker over of smoochers.



And here in peace did Jonni stew. He revved up a wallop from time to time, but she had ung-- how-you-say? *UNGUENTED FUENTES.* Molecules. Sleeping in our veins. Ready to 'moth it up' at a moments notice...

See it already but shut up. SHUT UP OR THEY'LL SAY YOU SAW. Roo. Roosters cuppa for henhouse privileges master


And for a long time Jonni and Joolee did commune. As he was being digested, Jonni cooked his prior thoughts like some old ham.
He RAMMED HIM NOSE INTO a BONE
He um SLUMBERED
P for PUMS for PLEASANT PEEPLE PUMS POMS

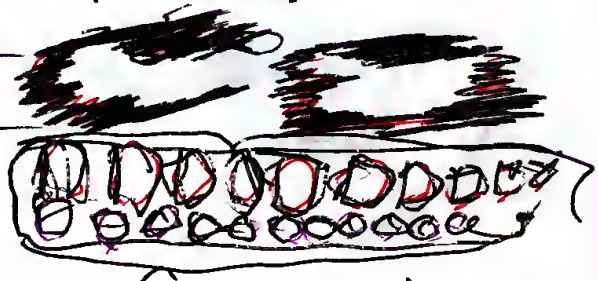
CHAPTER TEN

The Testimony of Mervyn the Tapeworm

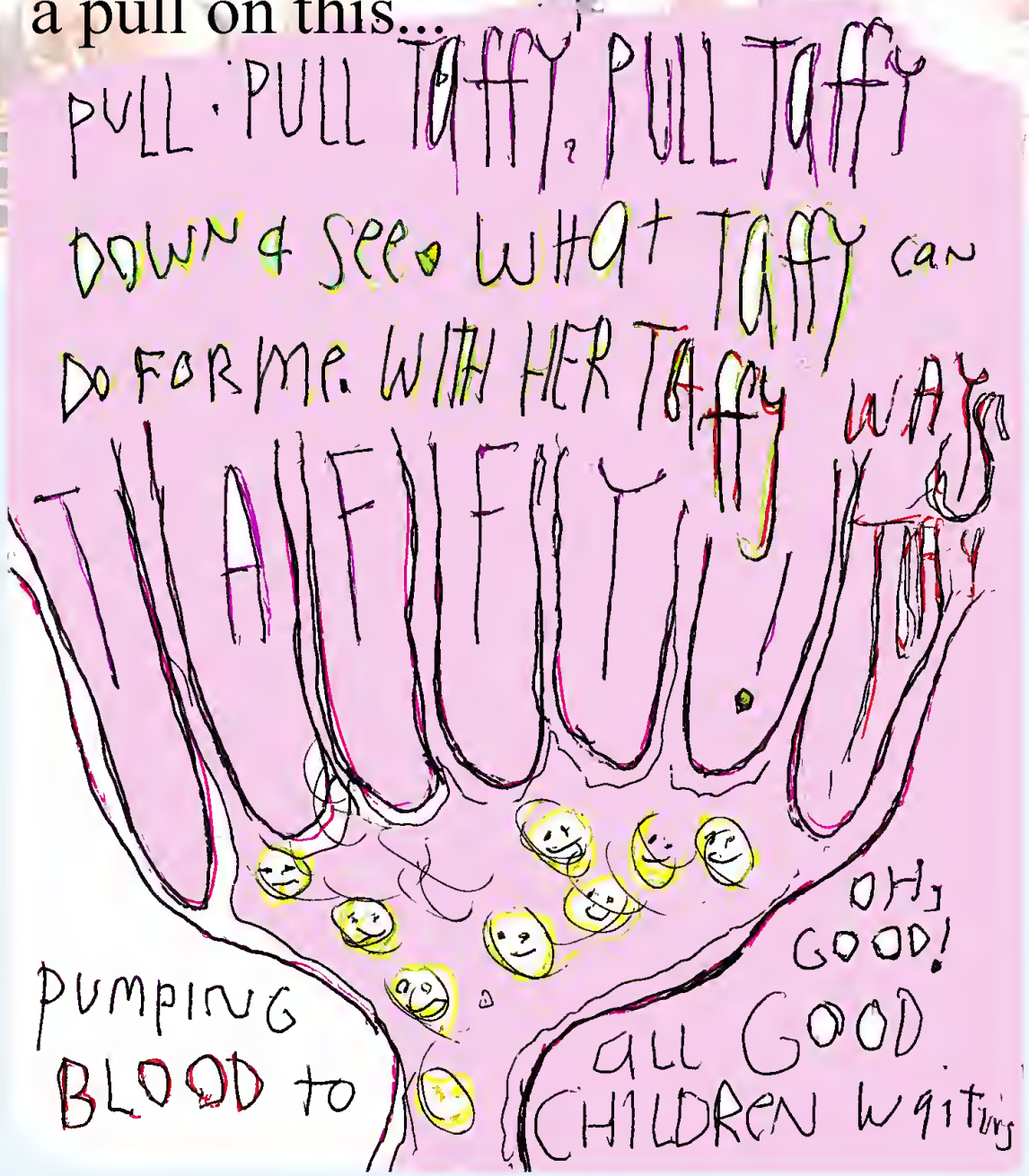


Boss, shallow dreams followed, unswallowed in his conciousness. Demented. Demension seamen approach with tattooed arms open WIDE. They have jaundy roaches, they have means to skyward egress and we dissolve into SILVER

HURRICANE POWDER POWER
SISTER BROTHER CARRY ON
In the ROACH motel
with theuh BUGS on the
WALL. See Her GAS UM
SHADOW STER
JUMPIN
Heave Ho!
JESUS taxes us for Livin
BUY the MAN a FLAG.



Easy now. Come off with your sweater, there is no sweat. I know you can pull it off. Pull off your sweater and let us pet. And have a pull on this...



Nobody's so gross you can't chip in for bitters. Four squares and big black coffin, in ya go...

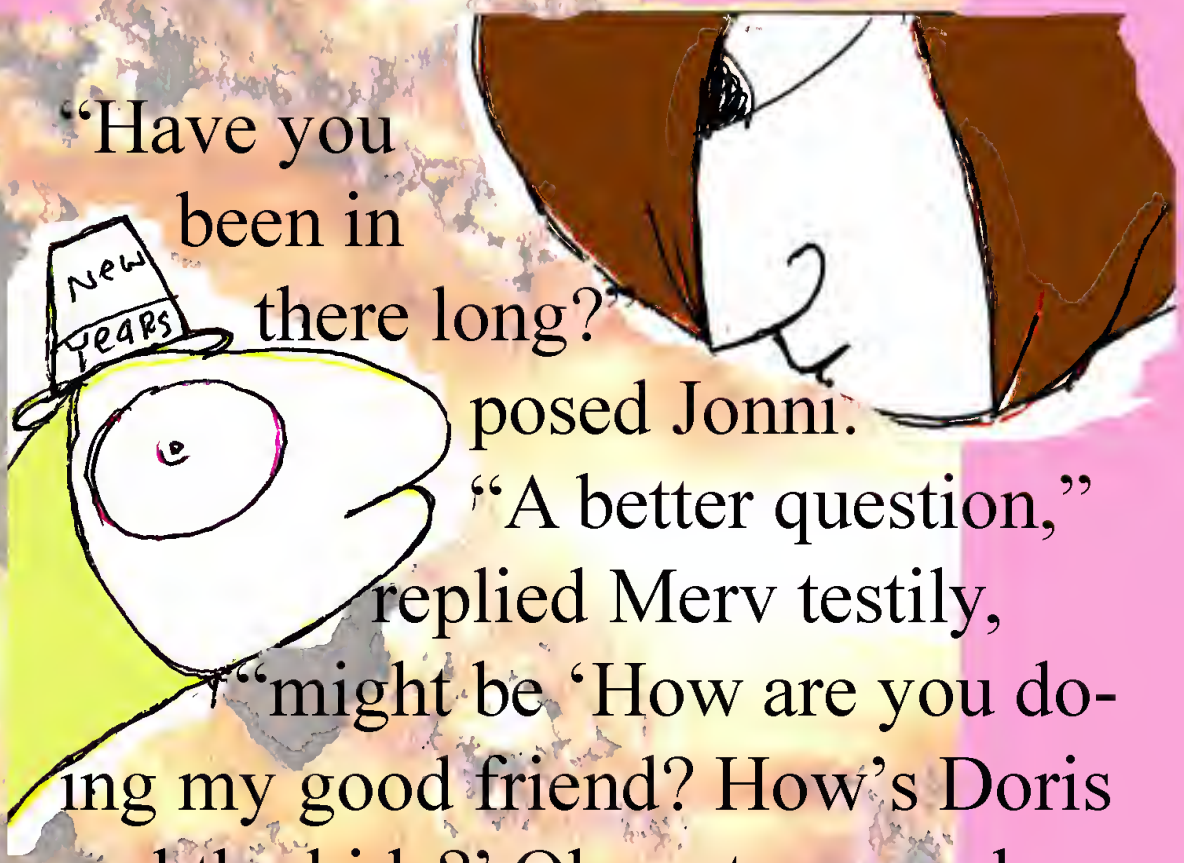


And every one says 'HELLO'.
And all the debts are paid in full.
And all that should will get a hand up above.

And Jonni awoke with a start from his incomprehensible dreams with the sensation of having a hair in his mouth. He pulled on the hair and discovered it was in fact a worm. . .



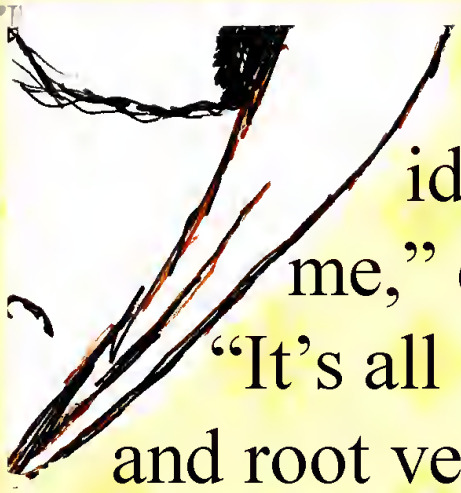
"My name is Mervyn," he said in a phlegmy voice. "I'm your worm, Jonni. Everybody has a worm. Says so in the Buy-Bell."



"Have you been in there long?" posed Jonni.

"A better question," replied Merv testily, "might be 'How are you doing my good friend? How's Doris and the kids?' Oh, not so good, because you shat them out into the toilet and then flushed them to stinking oblivion--*you* remember the time--so many years ago and now I'm always alone and sad and hongry for pus. You know what I mean, Sandy Jim?"

Mervyn was big on sarcasm.



"Oh my. I had no idea you were even in me," explained Jonni. "It's all those hearty soups and root vegatables, I suppose. You fond of mutton I'spose?" "Oh, MUTTON!" responded the worm lustily. "I am all juiced up for MUTTON! I am a vim and vigorous scout for MUTTON at all times my fine, kind sir! Why, the very thought of it has me oozing replenishing creams in my secret places, I must now release my spell upon thou..."





"I pledge thee SMOKE of these burning smote. S'mope. S'mopin' instead of hopin'. Hopin' for steady, non-fiction SHOO-EE'S for *glamour* times, sunshine, apple wine, Jungle Jim and HIM. Bang, you're dead, a sufferer on life's ledges. lemon pledges, wedges for snuff, edges you buff must be sandblasted. Your Ego is FAN-FREAKING-FABULOUS, joker. Evil. Pipes you drain of stuff from comin' round the mountain in Spain, a lane of Dixie venom for ya..."

“Tailor-made days fer drowsing. Dowsing wit yo rod to find key factors, slog about, right OUT TIGHT WIT YO BIPPY, oh my god. Um, slumming, yeah. Easy, sleazy moper girl, motor girl, greasy motor lodge. Cuz you get LODGED, you get Pearl Vamker Vanquo Banker Rudolf sez his name is WEST. Rudolf Hess, butter knifed t’death. Loothy jopher, gopher, snuffer out of lights. Snoody, snoofy, snoochy, snougher, 8 diamonds in a ring made for the finger of a woman bound for no good ends.”

"To bind her with. Eight. Nowhere to be found, you are sinking low. Crow for your supper. A raven high on a tree says, 'Cook me a egg, you *vapor*'. You, you scow. Scoundrel Pushing hot blessings of pumped-up vison on nice babies. Moats gladly dug by awful men. Be frightened of your daring. The Future to not end tomorrow. Asps ate 8 Abes from Apetown."



CHAPTER ELEVEN
Mervyn's Demise





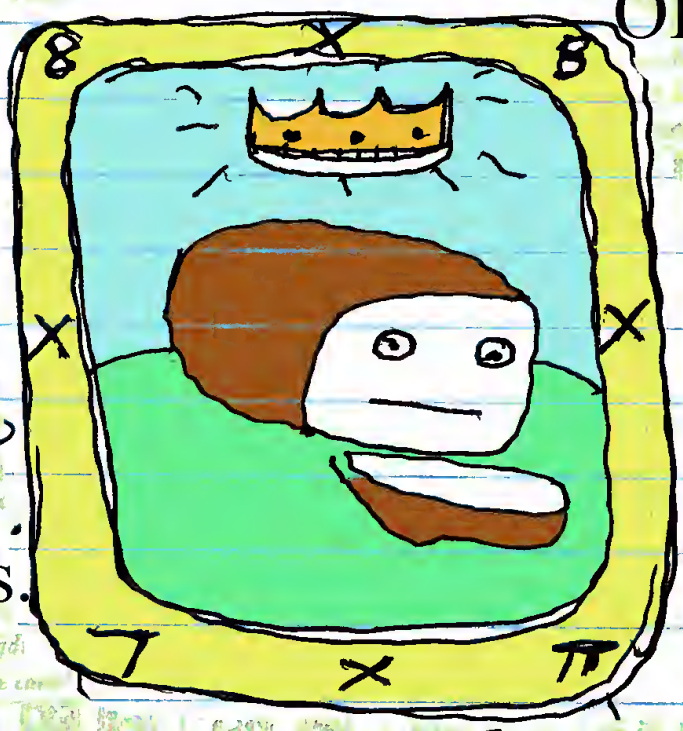
And poor Nob Jonni soon fell under the worm's power. His thinking became somewhat TREMENDOUS. He took enormous technicolor dumps in his dreams, dumps of beatific glory sometimes, that sages would sift through for portents of the future. Pride swelled in his heart like an anuerism.



"You are getting in on the ground floor," were thoughts that Mervyn placed in his eager melon.

"We could muscle in BIG. We could join Poonana Anonymous and sell candy to scouts with malt liquor. MALT LIQUOR. Weird balonie nights. Smashed out to gourdsville. Pussy nazis from Vegas, and the like. *Oh*, fall in love with the Game, fond pet, sleeper. Ape the cause of oft wheezing supers on the stoop; all beaming til you droop.

"And play the card you made: The Loaf of Steves, here is the card... OK? I am Mop Tom. I mop up the messes. Have bested the Throng. Here is my beach-head fury: 16 lacey maidens know who gave them snow for breakfast on a plate with their hot, smelly eggs. All ways eager to please, I am easily their DADDY LONG-LEGS CRUSHER FOREVER!"

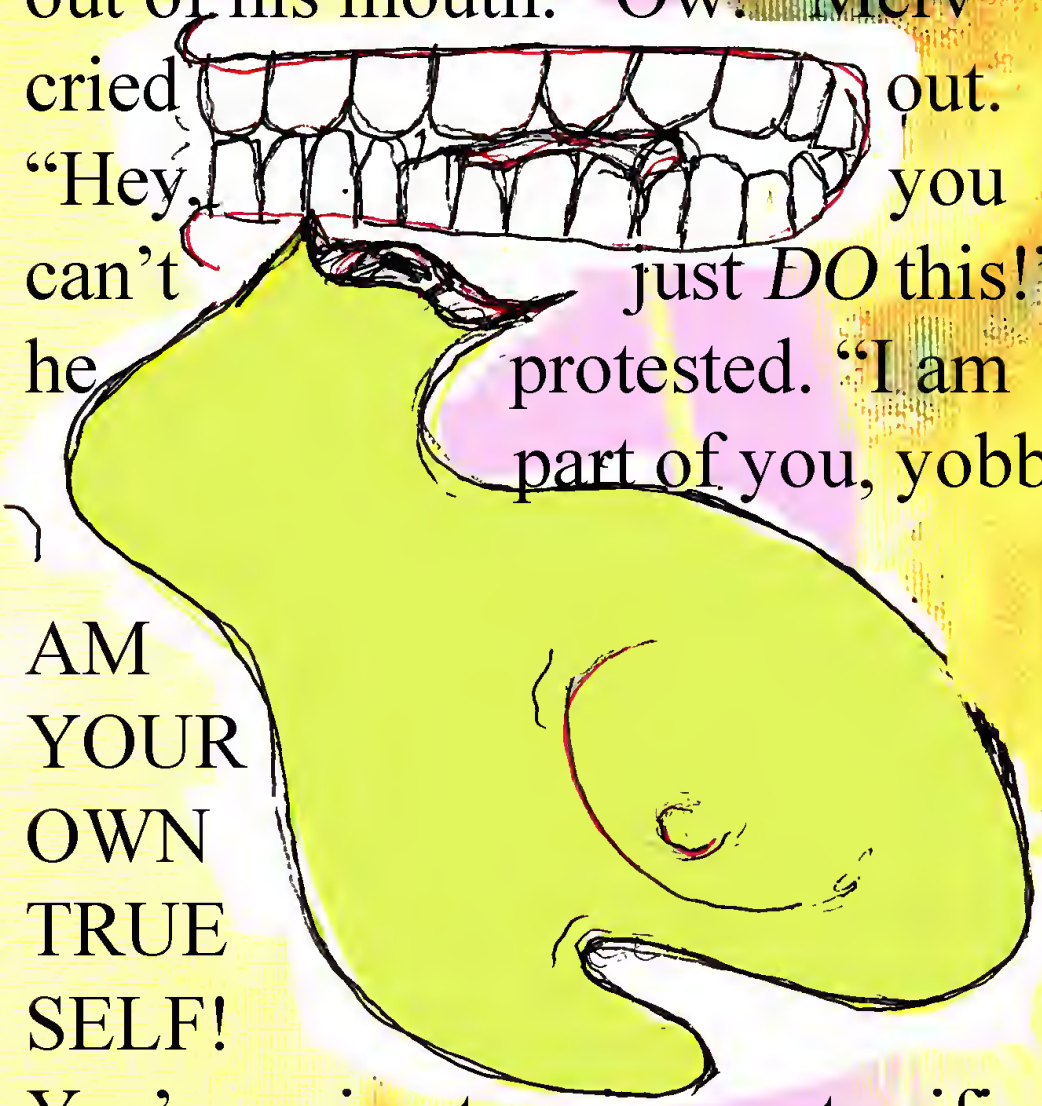


And Mervyn's dizzying tirade planted oozing seeds in Jonni's soft spot that grew into pods bursting with milky discharge! And the pods grew until it felt like a new head was splitting open Jonni's squash, head full of notions of grandiose dominion over the Powers and Principalities, over the flakes, the lackeys, the mouth-breathers--over every thing but for Jonni's own bad self...





Right in the midst of his act of self-fluffing, tho, the boy couldn't help but notice that Mervyn was slowly beginning to devour him, head-first. "If I'm so great, why are things always eating me?" he thought. "Because you taste like baked ham," mouthed Mervyn, with a jaw fulla Jonni.



And with that Nob Jonni bit down hard on the worm coming out of his mouth. "Ow!" Merv cried out. "Hey, you can't just *DO* this!" he protested. "I am part of you, yobby! I AM YOUR OWN TRUE SELF! You're going to miss my terrific *chutzpah*, bubby! Don't give up on venture capitalism, [cough]..." were his last words.

Instantly, on Merv's departure, Jonni felt like a cocoa nap. Hot and snuggy wit his mum mum in mum wit mum mum. A frothy beard on his lips of mucky tainted bliss. Easy snoozing too. A fume a rum bedum dum.



CHAPTER TWELVE

The Testimony of Duh-Wane



So Jonni rested becuz of Joolee fed him liquid good jewels of Type One Fibronetic Special Joy Ointment through tubes in her hot bodee.

And while he slumbered, tiny presences flourished and grew within him. We all got 'em and they do as they please, too.

For many is the time when fank wit met whumsy and said "Toothsome lass, follow me to the pounding shed, we got maple syrups to push out of you, one way or another I'll put a smile on the face of the Satan before I'm dun."

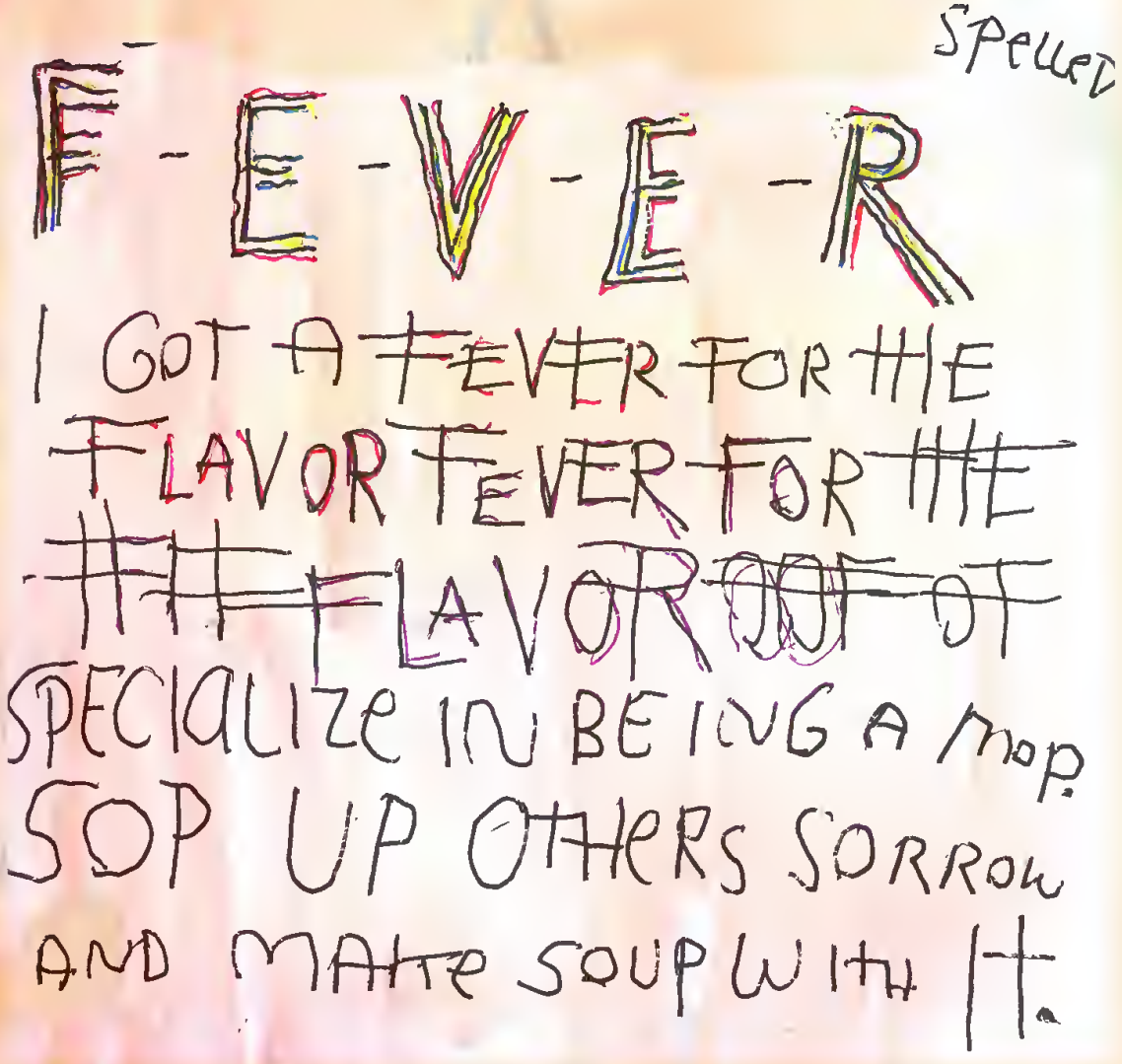
X X X --Good n' Plenty, Esq.

OR I THINK what I meant WAS pay me some respect. I BEEN HOM. CHEED UP BACAN BEGAUS ((I'VE BEEN OH OOHH! I'VE BEEN

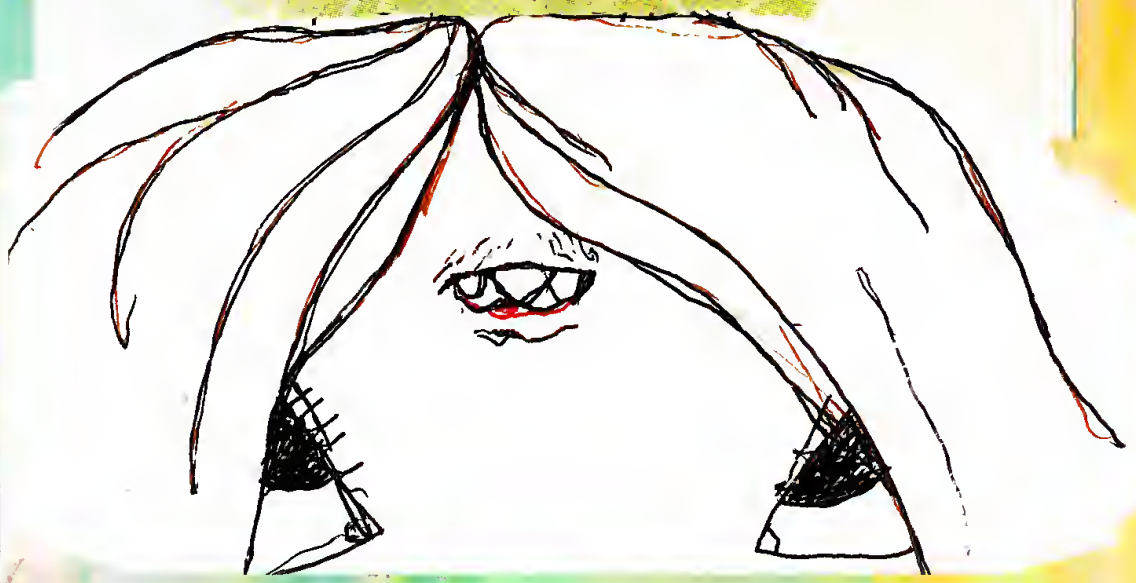


I'VE BEEN TRYING EXTRA HARD TO BE JUST SO FINE MY PIE Citizens. OKEFENOKEE BROKE DEBT ME SMOKE SMOKE THIS IS MY PLACE. I'LL BE STAYING FOR A WHILE. BUY PAPPY A APRON, He's A BUTCHER.

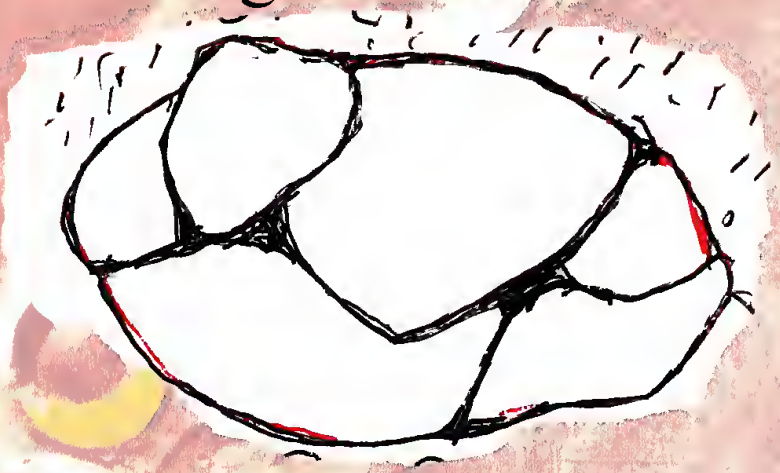
This is to say, boys and girls, that demons do in fact exist and are nothing to be feared. Why, they can often be coaxed with a winsome smile to the most monstrous acts of NICENESS.



But seriously, kids, these demons are everywhere. They come from our Animal Natures. In our hero Nob Jonni's case, it manifested itself while he was in the throes of his pre-natal gumptions. An all-too-common occurence in boys of his age, when the juice hits the fan and you're gettin all hairy. That's when a second mouth appears in your forehead. Remember?



It was a kinda like a squid mouth I, um, guess. Sort of like a beak with locking oval counter-beaks.



It's COMPLICATED. Wanted to be called Duh-Wane. Stoffs the honeys in his pocket of Dy-No-Mite Shoom-Pow. Workin' on a 'stache. Duh-WANE.

At first he just grunted and belched fragrant puffs of dandy spunk. Then Duh-Wane started talking in earnest...

In a garbled monotone he held forth on the subjects of car engines and smock cooze. "Course, you gat yer hemi four ten make an explosion in yer SOUL! Dude, I'm wingin it with this baby chump. He sez 'Get me a log of mandies, we roll on down to the Dit Da Da and smoke the meat of several deeply elegant friends'. Ma bruh Eddie joined the Navee Seals, he gets his car waxed by shop professionals. I'm horny for some sloppy hot wings in mah face, brah. Gonna git mah own pad, lay some Bettys down.

“Feelin’ gummy,” Duh-Wane drawled, breaking into a kind of croaking song. “From the scummy rides I took today. Need to plum me cuz its all blocked up in there. Go get a dummy and dress him up in some cloaks, I need me a mummy just to coax the Spell away, often smelly and need a milky way, a wheel of spokes,



I need a tummy rub, am goin for pokes at a pie, fond rummy champion noodle savant, a Morpheus, a Ralph Meeker sub-plot, a boof of *guyesse*, a sneeze of pompy whiz, I am a Roman, a hasty jizz on the carpet, a foamin holiday, a Molly Mae for choking, surprise me with a jolly baby stoking up A FIRE OF SUNNY summing, stays with easy little bits of OCEAN NIGHT, petting hot smothers, others, Mr Pendleton Smeethers..."



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Jonni's Thingie Falls Off

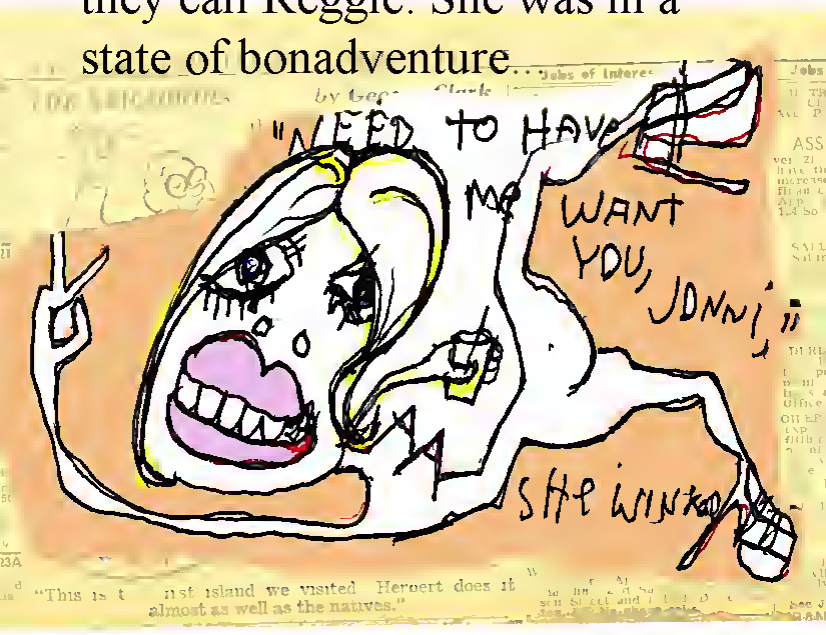


So solitary a lad might have taken delight in a kind of new brother. But Nob Jonni could not stand Duh-Wane. He was an uncouth stump with ugly in spades. And yet, despite his loathing, strange new influences crept into the boy's imaginings. Thoughts of Joolee, his new mother, turned carnival. Budges all the time in his pants. His lower third became a foundry working double shifts to meet some boner quota.

All the while Duh-Wane seemed to be getting bigger, his musk-ox tooth splitting Jonni's forehead open to new vigors.


JO
NUBBING THE BUZZ,
THINKING OF MARSHA,

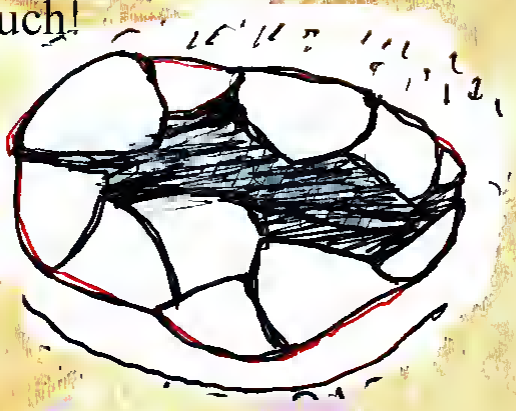
Thinking of good old Marsha doing splits in a hardwood floor drinking establishment called 'Cheesesteaks'. The beers wuz real cheap. Condom machine in badroom so ya don't plock up a barbara with your stink plugs and create a race of stupor men they call Reggie. She was in a state of bonadventure.



"I'm hongry," mouthed off Duh-Wane testily. "Fix me up some homchee, chop chop!" But Jonni was in the midst of tanning hides and couldn't be bothered.

He'd never felt this way before, especially about MARSHA, of all peemles, who he had recently poisoned, if you recall. He felt an all encompassing need to COMPLETE his lurid vank-you-very-much. His leetle friend was all smarmy and red-necked. As though Lucifer his self was pulling the levers on a GO-GET-EM bulldozer machine in him pants!

“I’m HONGRY, I said,”shout-ed Duh-Wane. “Do I have to run for City Comptroller to get a lick of nice aspirins here? I need a HUNK of pushed fat torque dingers in mah flavor pouch!



I’ll make life a shitty ride at Disneyland for you’s, pee-knuckle! I will tamper with your soiled dreams at night, kitty kat!”

Well, Jonni got rattled and scattered like a doe in Ruttsville. Wut with the scab on his head a-yowlin' and the twerp in his pants getting hip to a-thrustin', it puts a feller off some.

But mostly he thot of Marsha in that dank hut at Miller time with no scivvies on. He didn't like seeing her that way, so young and demoslished. He wanted to comfort his little play pal, win her confidence, and then destroy her utterly much later, when they were 50 or something--or maybe not even then. Jonni FELT for her. "Wow," he thot, "I'm getting soft".

It all happened at once. Jonni stopped thinking about Marsha's humid slosh-noggin and then his member came off in his hand. And by that I mean that his little reproductive organ actually flaked off from his body and lay in his hand, lifeless.



It was much as he remembered it, except that it appeared to have turned to chocolate.

"I'm still hongry," continued Duh-Wane, "fer nips in gravy, and slay me with a factory job molding chicken into toys for the kids! And play me a sad song on the radio about pirates, too. It's called "Goofy" by the Dijits. Man, got me a Camaro with head-stock bunting-fueled camerator four nickle drive-plated custom--" That was it. Jonni could take no more dumbness. He dun jam his chocolate ex-ding-a-ling into Duh-Wane's open maw. "Choco-latey!" the mouth exclaimed as it devoured the appendage with such relish it began to choke.

The severe cocoa of Jonni's severed thingie instantly began to rot Du-Wane's beak of teeth. "I had me a good run, slappin' tuckuses, etc," he burbled.



And with that Duh Wane wuz gone, leaving but a small scar to tell the tale.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

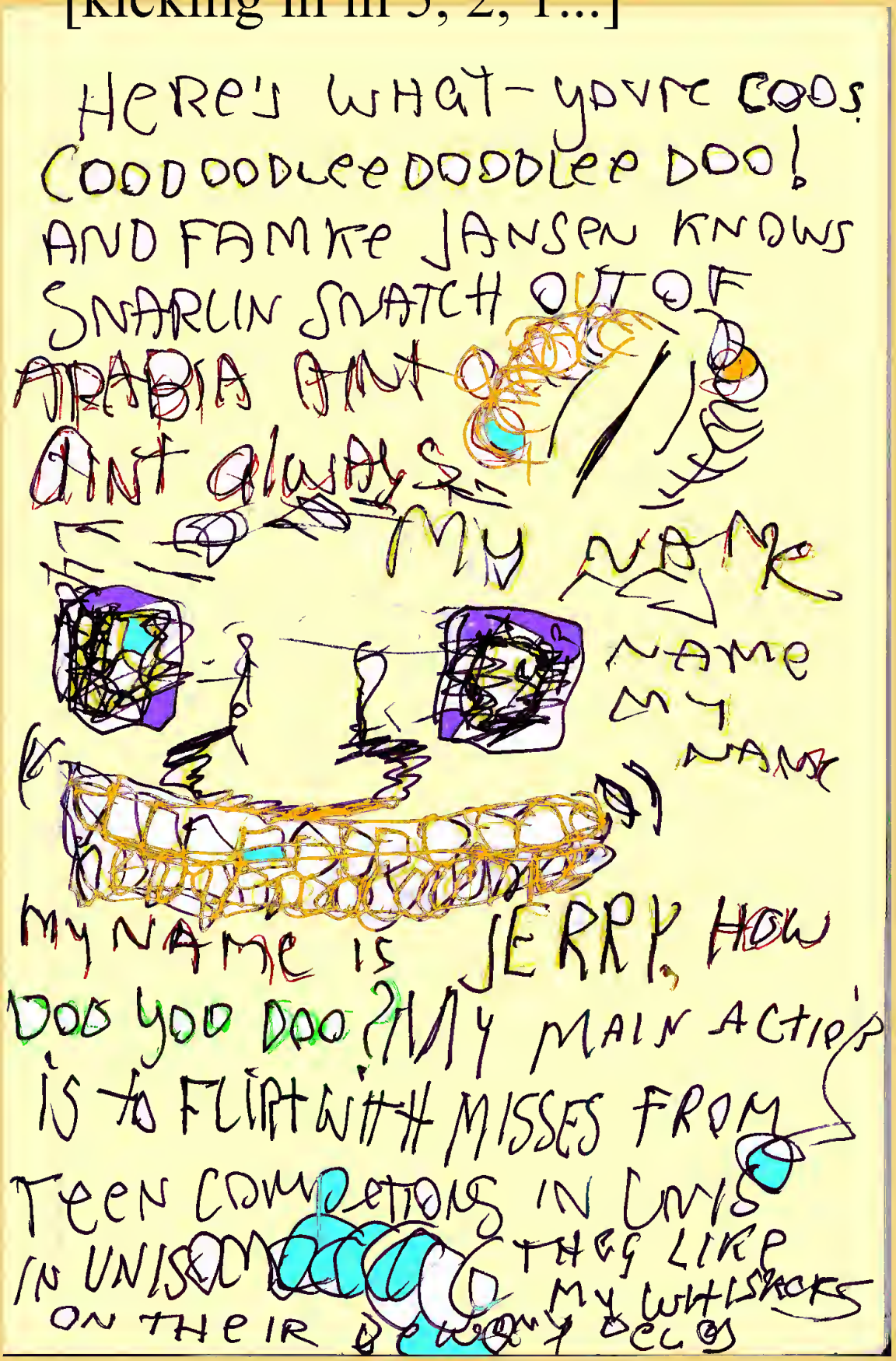
The Emergence of Nob Jaynee



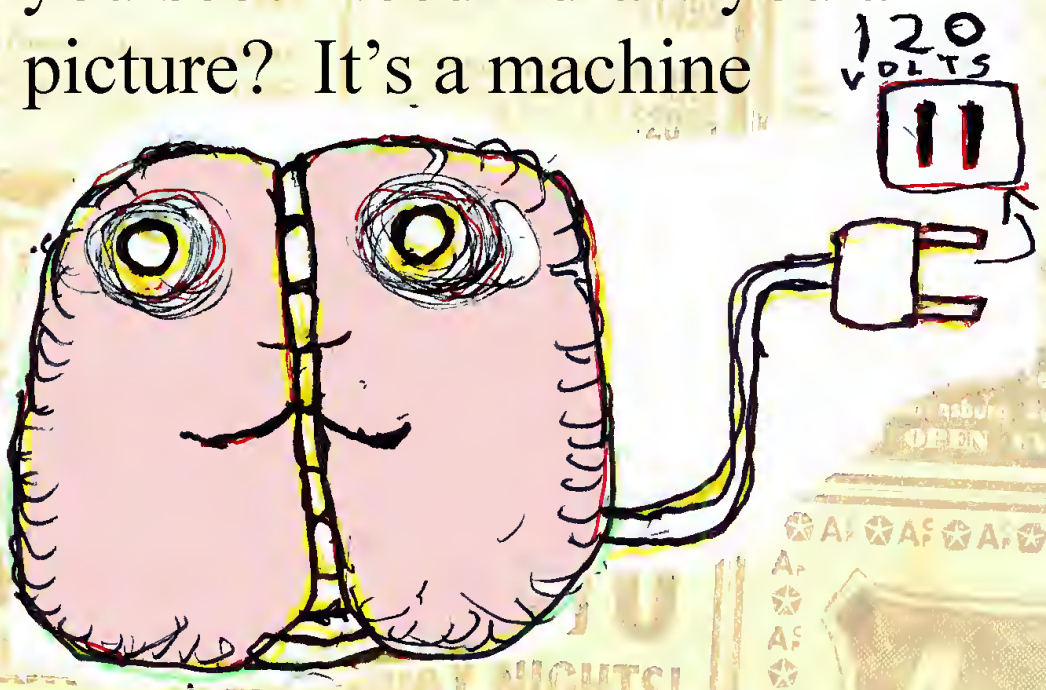
So now, the thing was, Nob Jonni found himself in the digestive tract of a space creature and with no member to boot. That's how it wuz, I'm not lyin'. Why would I lie? Well, in fact, I'd like to let you sweet readers know I 'heart' you the most, most kind and prudent visitors. I like your mental company to enjoy my quiet times at night with a vicodin. Then maybe we take a bath together (I'm the dog).



[kicking in in 5, 2, 1...]



Folks, am sorry. You got to let them out or they FESTER. They are lonely, these guys and gals of most tan vicinities of the Awful Coast. The coast of NO DOPE. Times of No Dope, Times of Better-Get-You-Through Music, you see? Need I draw you a picture? It's a machine



for making hearts break it's called "E-Z Fascist Cooker". Yep.

Apologies again. I went off track. Won't happen again! 
So Jonni is peter-less in this space chick's gut. He's a-stewin' in JUICES. Juices of pandemonium. Of little nubs growing out, little bubs, little buds. And where his little master used to be, a, shall we say, *vacancy*? A WONDER-FUL vacancy appeared. Saline inside. Salt of sea, salt peters aside. Wet salt waves, pendletons, Joffrey of Cambria, a villa made entirely of Spumone, tutti la fresco...Yassir, our little Nob Jonni was slowly becoming a young lady.

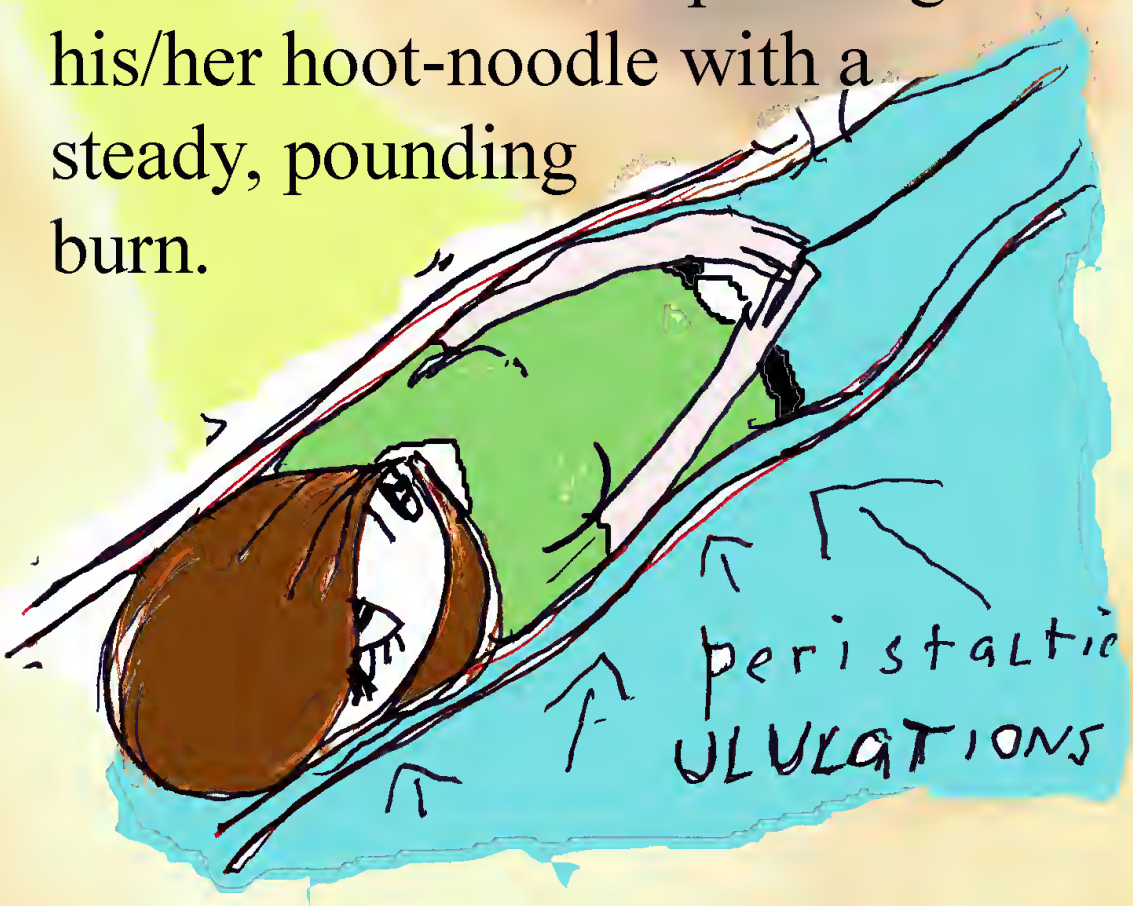
Well, in all the important ways, let's say. Joolee had readjusted



the flow of hormones she secreted through the various, uh, tubes and such, science science science, Jonni was now a chick.

How did Jonni--er, *Jaynee*--feel about this change? Just awesome! She felt like lighting a rocket that was aimed at Cloud Pappy's eye and then getting down to the sounds of the Funk-Shun Twins--Scorpio Records neatest hipmakers. And sinking into the green shag carpet in her new bachelorette pad with a mess of sherbet and back issues of Tiger Beat. I was being sarcastic there. Nob Jaynee was actually quite distraught, the poor lass. "I miss me Peetee," she sniffled with a lisp. Okay, she didn't actually lisp.

Then, as if her reassignment wasn't enough of a whup-tushy freak-cident, our little Jaynee was finally being digested and vacated. Yup, the ol' D&V as they call it in the biz. Frightful contractions of most all things mushed into a mummamsh--well, alot of acids were involved. And pressing on his/her hoot-noodle with a steady, pounding burn.



"Astounding lasses of the worlds unite," thot the new kernel of solace Jaynee found in her packed-tight brainium at the crucial minutes. "Use your breath to flower the altar of new-fashioned being-ness anew, renew, nu-brite, kissing the frocks of so-tuned-in fadah's and mudah's of this greening POWER. Might drips from our wombs. Smipe, snipe, swipe the felon's dagger and cut him loose from his knowledges, Ladies fly, Lady bugs, Lady Gog."
[At church the statue of the Virgin smiled at me and gave me some of her hair. I smoked it in my father's old pipe, rosary in hand,

and here are the dimensions.]
We sky-right flyers to serve the surly bonds of pecker-tude. Being is snying is deny being is:
8 corncob pipers full of plenty horns of devil, 7 champeen oscar goys canting, 6 sick shieks' silver slippers slide slowly southward, 5 golden beaks wet with the blood of hasty young'n's too soon, 4 tents of power-spice fog and gentle ladies full of horse and magik, 3 T's for Texas, that's Terrible Tantric Tomas, Tearer of Tot's Tousles, 2 Betties for the price of one will make your eyes fall out with their skilled tonsils, and...

1, BLAST OFF, Houston we have several problems in particular the dredge of this here storee here. Wrap it up in bloody papers and I'll take it home to chew on with hubby Ted and the TV news. News is good we got paved gold streets planned and everyone is glad so few will have to die anymore. I mean, with all this SPLENDOR. TV!!!!!!!!!!!!!



CHAPTER FIFTEEN
Sweet Nob Jaynee's Badass Song



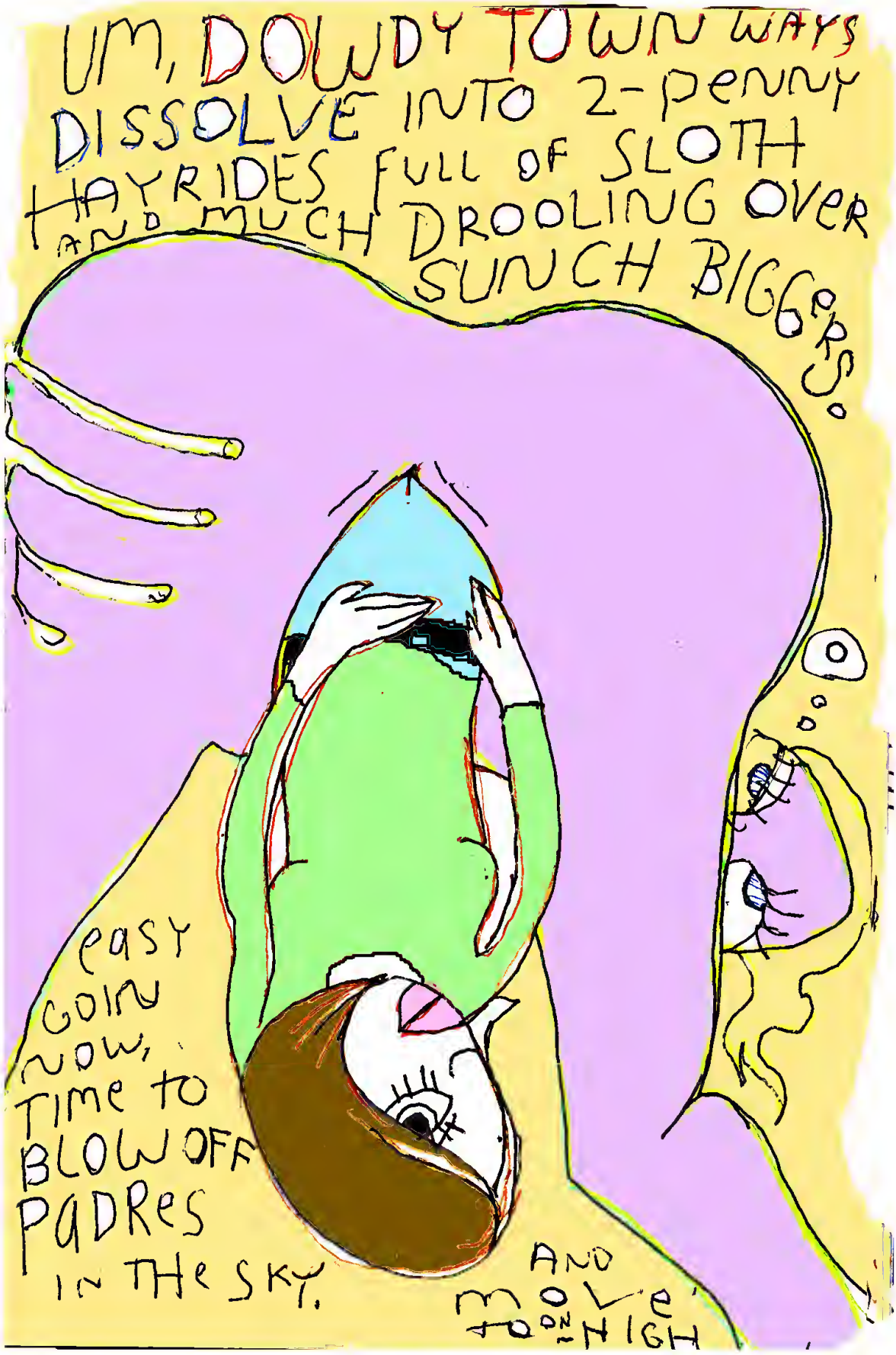
20 "Looking from above downward," says Dr. Wilson, "these pictures show how a baby is born. At the proper time, the tissues accommodate themselves to the gradual pas- slowly. This is followed by one arm and then by the other arm and finally by the trunk and legs. The child is still attached to its mother by the umbilical cord through The hand c the new life est part of

SHAFT o Fresh Cleen Life.
Shasta, mt. shasta, DOIN IT
Rite. MUMMY PUSHIN ME
OUT of HER HOLE. BAKED ALASKA,
THAT's JOY, TWOFOLD. HOME's
A PRISON TO ME ANYHOW—
LONG to place A prism ON
YOUR eyes AND WOW. COLOR
is MATH FOR LOVE + TIME
IN THE INTERIM.



Tour
Good
Time
CHARLIE
3 BAGS

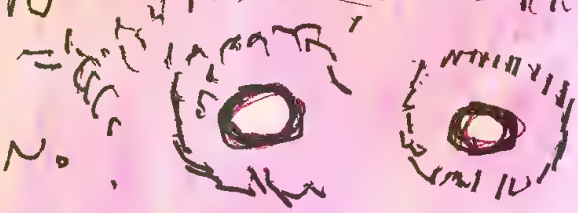

SWELL, I'm SWELLIN IN
my CELLS, I'm fellin, YOUR
SMELLIN ROADS OF PEACE
COMIN TO JERU SOON PEACE
OF BODY HEART MIND AND
EXPLOSION,
IN THE
GHETTO'S
TIME, MADE
IS GOING TO LOOK
BACK at YOU AND SEE EVIL
BUGGERS, TYPE
"SHUT DOWN"
INTO YOUR
SEARCH ENGINE
SEE WHO'S
NAME COMES
UP,
DAD - TOO MANY
EYES
CAN SEE TOO
SEE TOO MUCH
WISDOM, WIMMEN
IN NEED OF CHANCES
AT DESPAIR CALL
2222222 2 2
2222 2 2 2 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 2


UM, DOWDY TOWN WAYS
DISSOLVE INTO 2-PENNY
HAYRIDES FULL OF SLOTH
AND MUCH DROOLING OVER
SUNCH BIGGERS.
easy
goin
now,
time to
blow off
padres
in the sky.
AND
MOLE'
TOON-HIGH


COS OF COURSE OF SCIENCE
we GOT DESE PLUGS FOR OUR
HOLES, DOES N'T NUFFIN
Get in OR OUT its A BOON.
It's a PISTOL HOT SNUGGLIN
TURTLE FIGHT to BOX
Heaven UP AND SELL
IT FOR ORPHAN SOFT
EYES, BABEE
SOFT FOCUS PATTERN. YOU
SMOKE
THE
BONES
OF
BABY
BIRDS
FOR
GOOD LUCK
GOOD LUCK Jonni YOUR
A GAL NOW. BOOF.

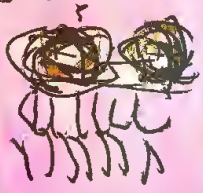

POMES COULD BE TOLD ABOUT FRONTS OF BRICK KISSERS, PUSSERS, MISSERS SHEATHS, TONY ONBOYAGE SMOFFIN AND TOPS AND RIGGERS OF FULL-ON BAKERY HUMMIN FULL OF BEAT-UP PASTRY ON YOUR TENDER LIPS.
SHELLS AND SHELLS AND PINK LINT.
NEVER SEE THE LIKE AGAIN.
PUSHIN SORROW OUT THE WINDO

STREWN, TOSSED, RUINED, AMEN. PLUS WE COST OF WISDOM 2 CENTS - BEA PEACHY GRIEVER OVER EAU De COLOGNE WHIFFS OF VAPORS OF FOX NUT PUNCHES AT SPOOKS



"HELLO HELEN. WE GOT TURKEYS HERE IN HEAVEN. THEY LET US PET THEM. IT'S NICE THAT WE'RE ALL HERE AND ALL YR PALS ARE SEVEN LEAD DUMMIES PULLIN US DOWN. THANKS FOR SHARING!

SIGNED - ROGER




WHAT AM I A'SPOSED TO DO W/THAT. IT'S WIDGET. IT'S WICKED, WITH HOT AIRS BLOWIN' THRU IT. A MOTE TO NO GREAT CASTLE I KNOW. A MEX-ICAN LITES CAN BE FUN.
FUME. A MUMPHEY, HUMPHREY, A MISTAH MANN, BUT PLEASE.
ELGIN BAYLOR WOOD KNOT SINK THIS HOOP. SLOOP JOHN POOP DECK TRAVESTY, I THINK.
I GOT BLUES ALL OVER MY RED BLUE JEANS



FREEZIN IN MAH CHUB. A MOST SOLEMN MAN proper once SAID "REBUKE YE THE HORNS ON WHICH THE BALAST BLOWS." true poppa ACTION! TROUBLES. BLUE AS ALL Get OUT. POUTIN 'BOUT THE SPOUT. SPOUT OF HORNS of REGIS too, OF Beastly connivance. THE RUB. POUCH WHERE my COINS useta Be. AMEN.

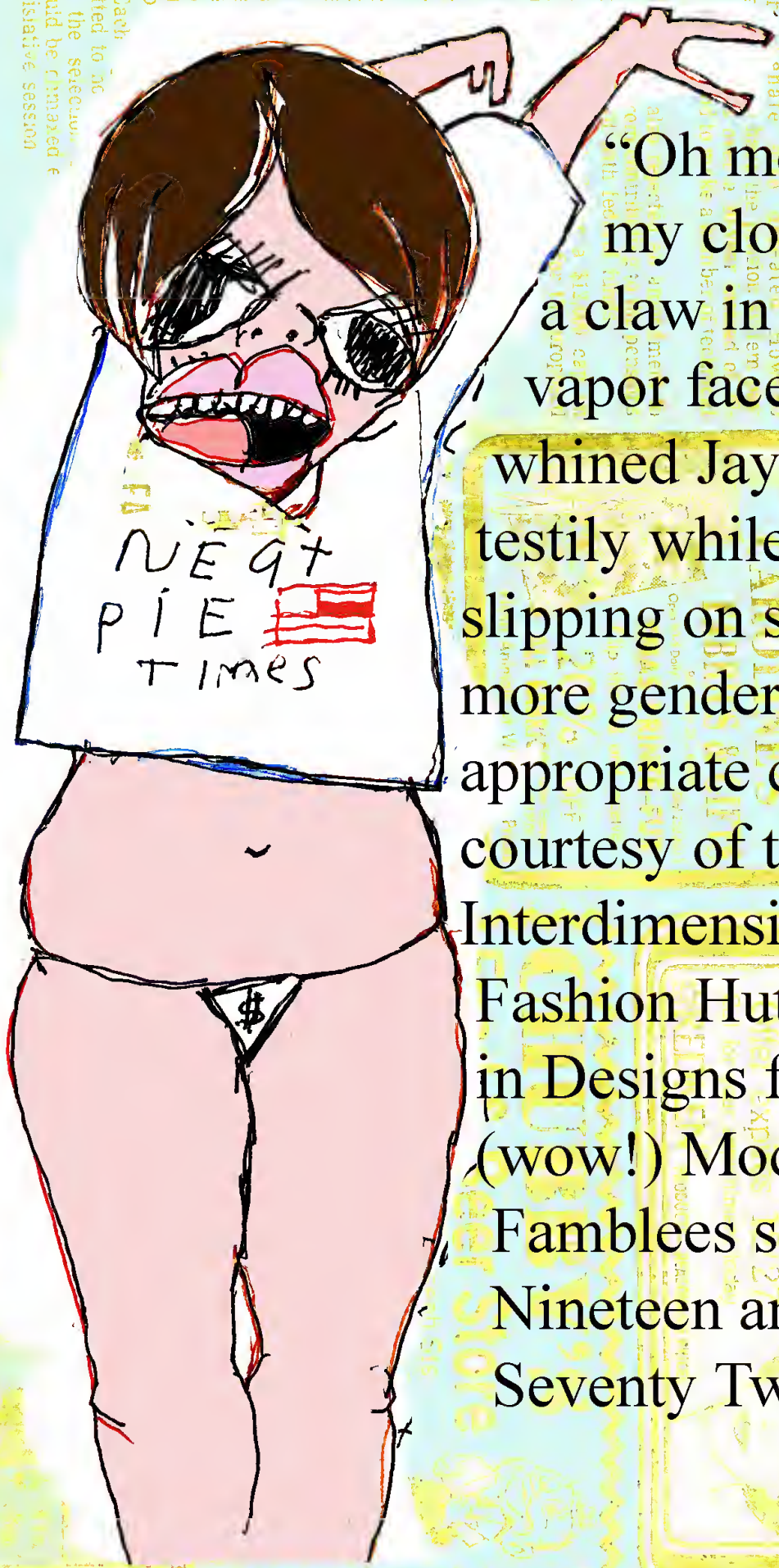
CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Mirror, Part One

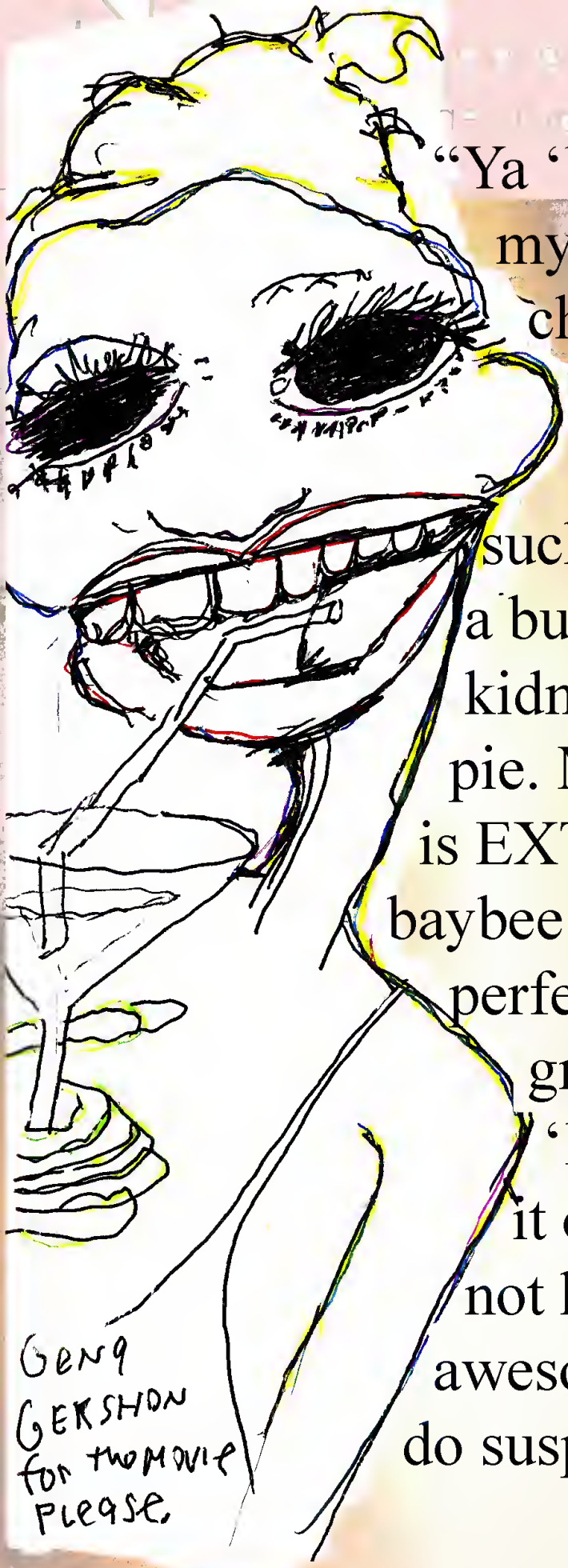


OK, back to the uh script, here. Jonni has been pooped out of Joolee as Jaynee, a jung laday. Joolee, punched out by her terrific bowel-clench magic, drools needy on the floor. The hammock quickens. Smoke's comin' from the molasses factory, everyone get your gowns on. It's eggs for dinner, with a side o' hocks from the chief supplier of ham to the planet. Eager for summers crammed with foxy boxing and hummers in the beaver pen. And of course that nice soft touch of blessing from precious Angels...





"Oh mom, and my clothes are a claw in my vapor face," whined Jaynee testily while slipping on some more gender-appropriate duds courtesy of the Interdimensional Fashion Hut, best in Designs for (wow!) Modern Famblees since Nineteen and Seventy Two.

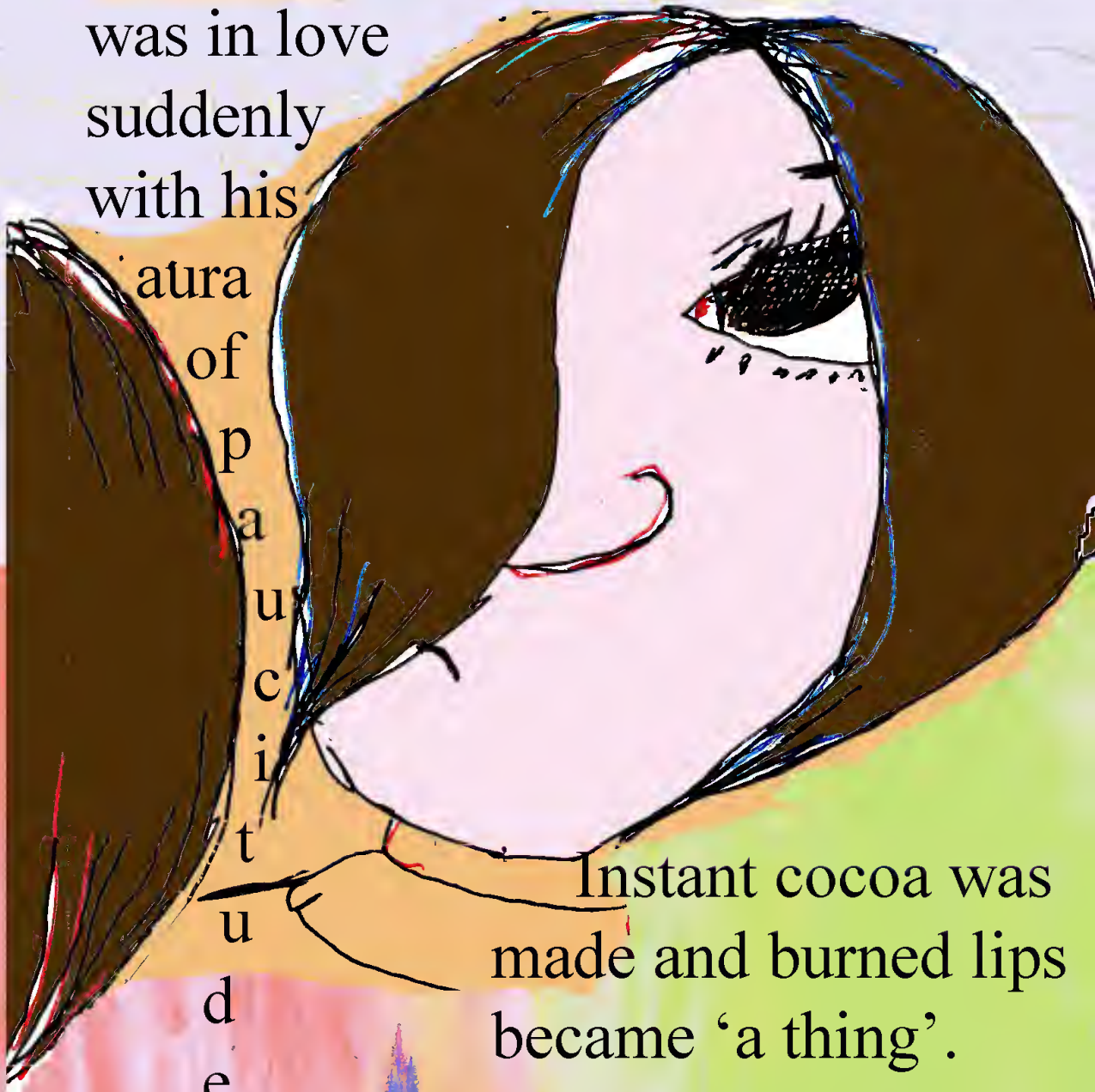


"Ya 'bout chalked my number there, child," sighed Joolee. "I never had such a time with a buttered yam-kidney and punch pie. My ass-ovary is EXTINCT! But baybee and you're a perfect little buncha grabs. The boys 'll be hoofin' it over to ya from not havin' any awesome cars, I do suspect..."

"Go on," Joolee continued, "Look in the that mirror, thoughtfully provided by Mirrors and Outlets, inc. They help you with your game..."



he wuz *dreemy*. A runt o' too-nuthin'-to-chumptown, a lamp with sandy shells on it. Jaynee was in love suddenly with his aura of p a u c i t u d e.



Instant cocoa was made and burned lips became 'a thing'.

Jesus, he was a pack of hot shite.

Jaynee was startled when her alter-image spoke. “I think you are a plummeting swallow struck by an errant...quivering arrow?” he posed.

“Umgh,” replied Jaynee.

“From Belarus, no doubt. They make ‘em weepy there. My name is Jonni. Sound like someone you once knew?” Synapses sparked like a cap gun in her fevered brain. She pumped vigorous eye-juice at the mirrored face in vain hopes of tental melepathy kicking in.

“I’m Jayne,” she said finally.

“Botched.”



"Come to me, Jayne," he beckoned, "through the mirror. Come closer, let me breathe your hot breath so swell poppies will bloom in my grey lungs. Please..."

Jayne could not help but obey. Her lips pressed to the glass and they were eye to eye. And, as is usual in such situations, a third eye appeared in the reflection...



PART TWO

The eye spoke into her mind it said: “Dream you a shallow pool to dive in like a faucet pulled on ‘hot’. You female agent now--
In the shadows men will want you steady harp-playing angel in the black hot days and nights. Will swarm around your tidy hive. Baying and pluggin in knots and things. And forkin’ the life out of you just for havin’ some salty space to land, like robot tigers on safari hunts. Tons of Mondays, too. And being someone you don’t know and spelling ‘open’ as a Name of Love.

“And you are a womb-man too, and ye blow a mighty sad horn in the orchestra. They fill your horn with heavy cream so you toot bad super root-fudge-nut-scraper toones. With your BIG WONDERFUL EYES ALL AGLOW...

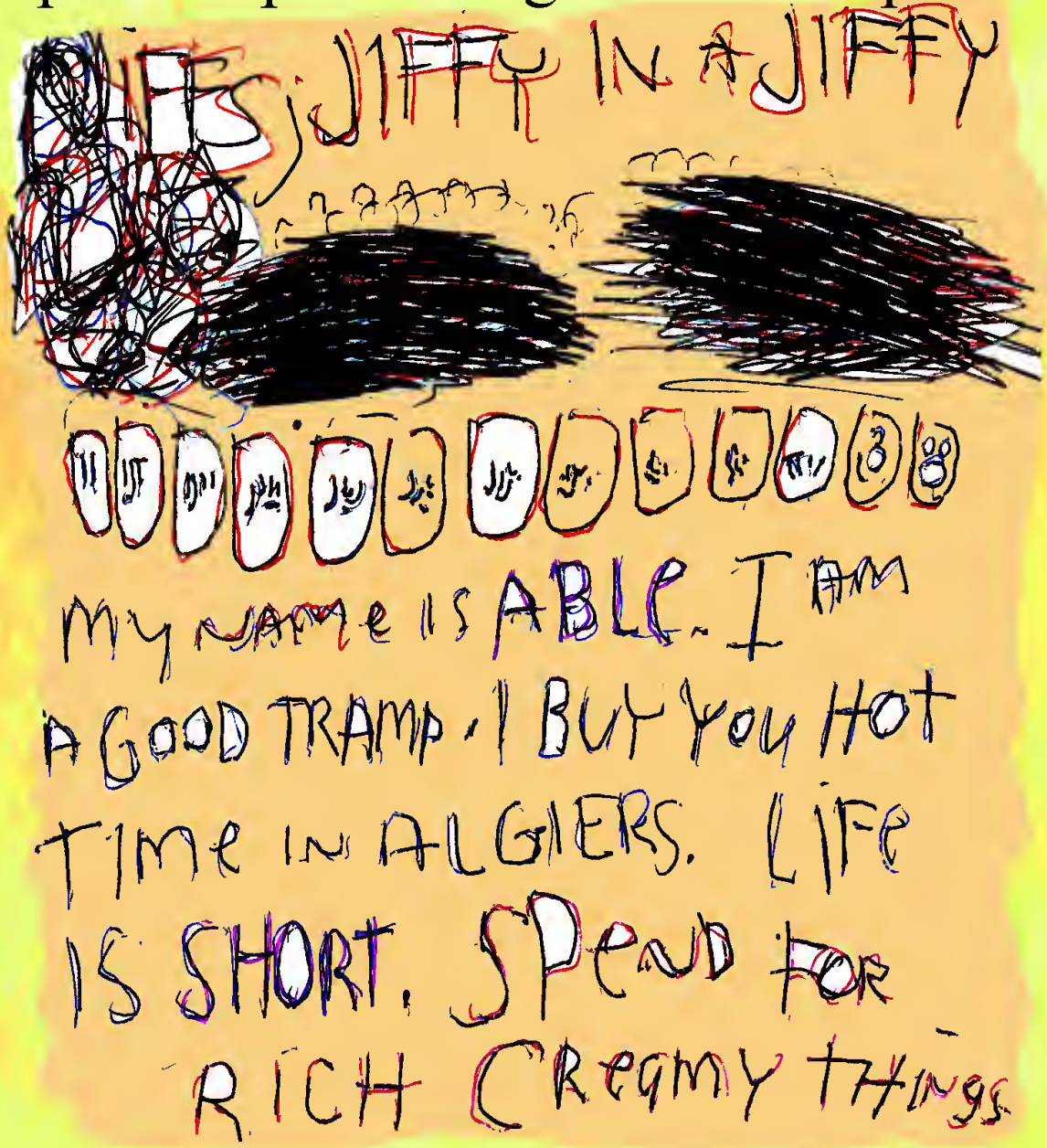




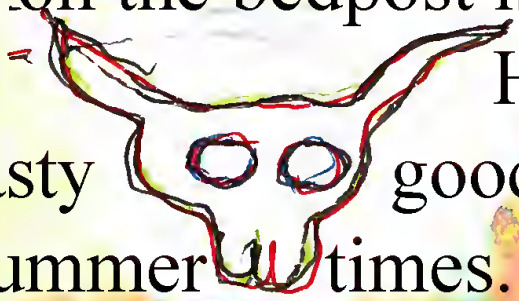
"And every eye sees a new star in the sky at night, this star's called 'DYNAMO FUNCTIONS'. It's light derived from divine manifestations of human 'Energy-Love'.



“And Life is the mind at play, ever feel that spark? It is electric nodes of positive and negative poles representing Jewels bespoken



“Deeds of good will championed with big blocks of black tar heroin. For the opium masses we call our Father to pray. Pray for us mungy dungy dungaree Jeffries on a spree. Wicked lotta nothin goin on in St. Peter’s Burg. Foggy sirs, maple tree-pressers for hard hot sugars. Daggers made blunt by cutting rubies. A cancer on the Black House, painting the walls with bummed-out colors. You’re a baby Jefferson now, you a spout for rain to come down and wash a young sprout’s greening brain; a notion of fineness, dandelion smears on a suntanned chin.

[Big lights in my room now, peemle, sorry to say they make me no vague hater. I nominate Blue Wisdom as King Giver forever, notched on the bedpost is the cygnet:  He brought us hasty good lovin in the summer times. O thinker of thoughts, think no more; we will *flow*.] “Keep giving up splendor with cave-ins of the heart, you witch. Pink Lucifer has stained you with his spotty crotch. Bellvue patient act wearing thin. I prince you ‘Naked Neon Fudge De-Light’. Be a fart in the face of popes and kings, please.

THIS IS YOO A RAINBOW OF 5 COLORS TO ME.

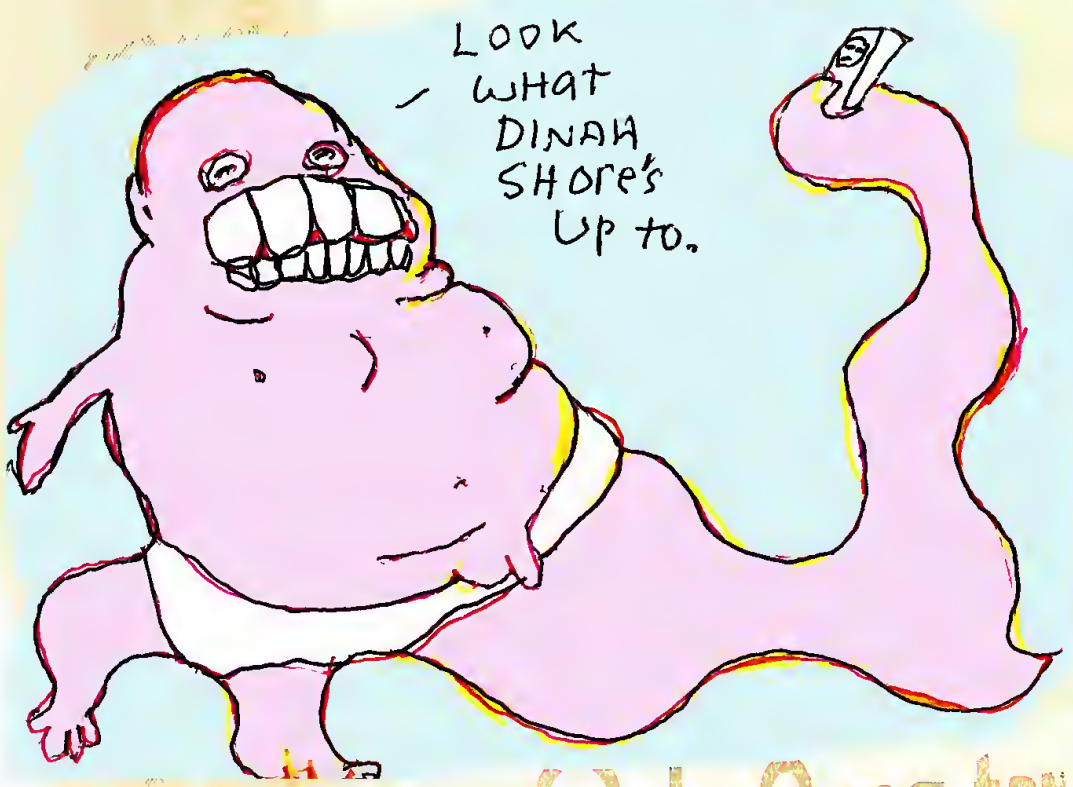


TOO POT-FANTASTIC TO SHOVE IN A OVEN, DAHLINGS.

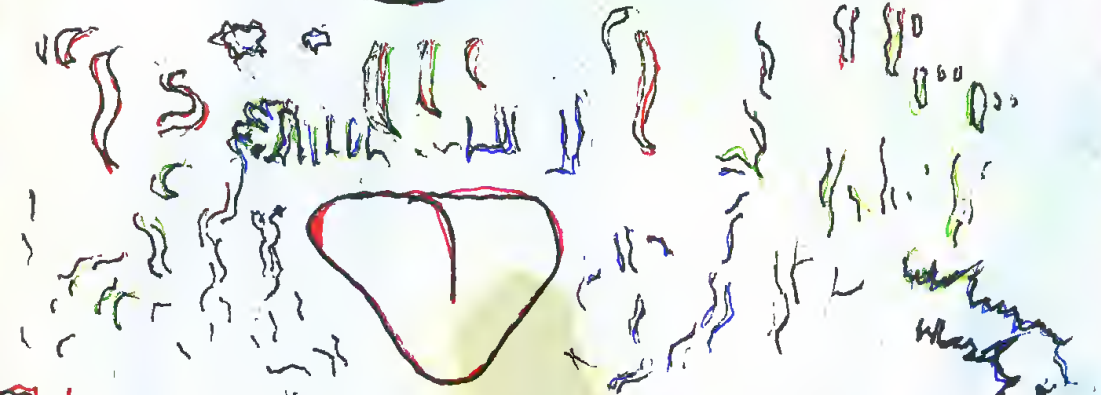
YOU A Palma GOLD CIRCLE WINNER OF BELTS & TIDES.


JAYNE THIS IS YOUR NEW HAND.
MAKE FRIENDS.
JUNIE, smart, capable, RUTHLESS TOO. Likes FAT BUSTERS
JESSIE, SHE's RICK's GIRL. SHE's A WITCH. BE CAREFUL.
JEZEBEL SHE LIKES IT FROM BEHIND.
JAYNIE, FUN, Likes WEDDINGS
Like CANDLES AND WAX AND DEEP MEANINGFUL ASSIGNATIONS IN THE LISTENING BOOTH.
JOANIE. SLEEPS WHENEVER POSSIBLE DREAMS YOUR IMPORTANT DREAMS OF MEETING AND FRIEND NAMED POPPY. Thats a FUNNY NAME WHAT DOES it AND THE HOUSE FALLS DOWN.
OMICRON THE SYMBOL OF POWERS OF OM
POPLE I'm FREE

"I'm going to smile while thinking this into you because you are so fun! Tape-measure home run broke the window of a Chrysler, baby bought it, but hey, that's sports--BABIES! You're gonna love BABIES, Jayne. You have to or they hunt you down. Because BABIES come out of you and need our love so much.







THIS UNLOVED WORD
I BRING from the tomb.
SILVER sparkle FLASH-
ING DESIGNS BIRTHED
ME A NEW movement
LOVE from WOMB
FROM MOOM MOON
FREEDOM
MOOMA
MOMMA

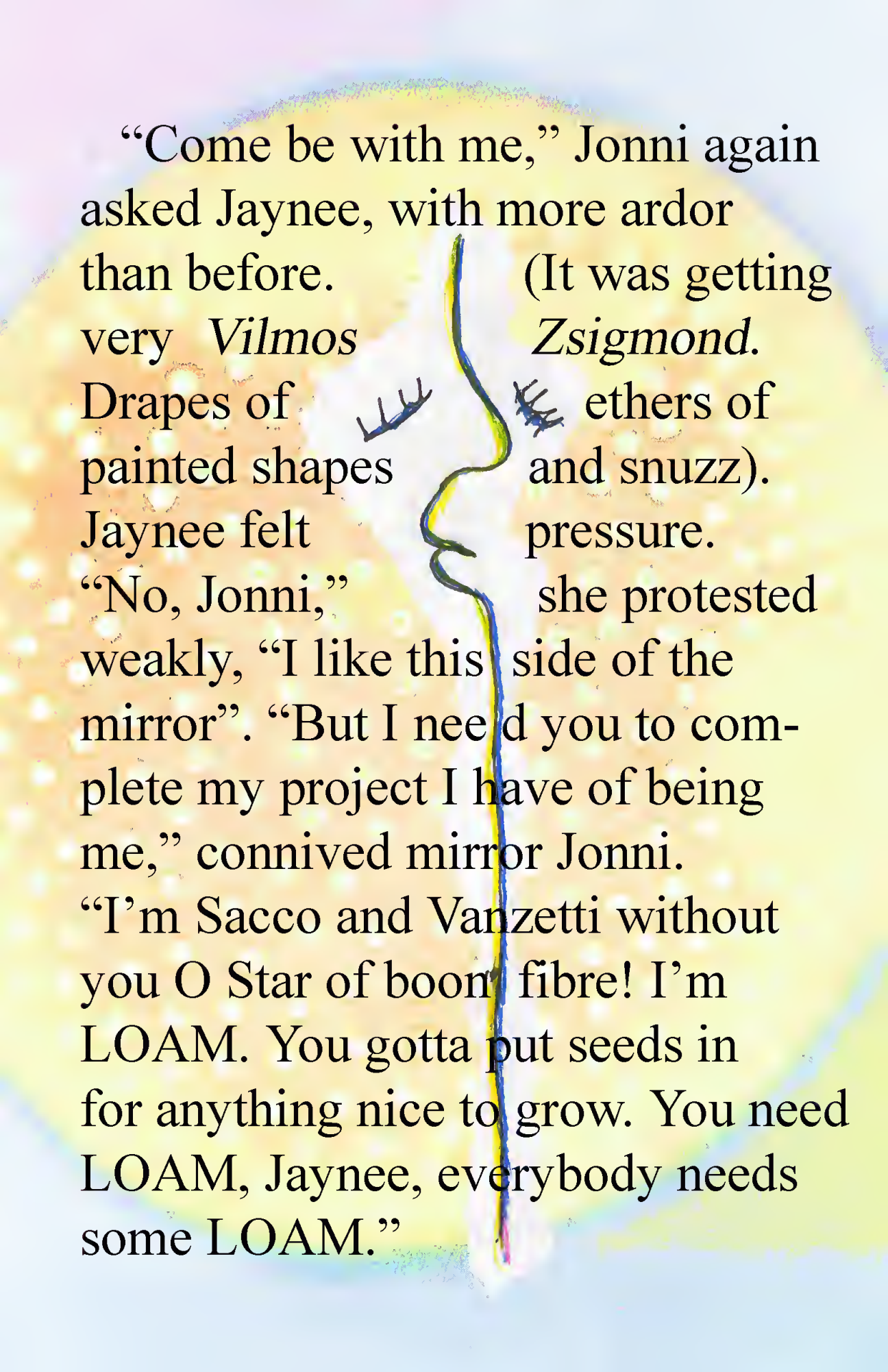

nuff
sed.
OUR MINDS
TODAY.
BUNCH OF
BEST TIMES
FRIED ON
LUCY AND BEACH
NUT PANOLOPOLY
YELLOW
OCHRE
SABLE
SORRY
JADP
TEMPLES
ON FIRE
TONITE
STOVE
FRIED.
GREAS
SIMPLE
SIMON.
- JOLLY
ROGER
CHUMS
OMIGOD
POISON
IS
DELICIOUS.

"Slop for you to find. Gone and munched a bit o' tub o' good time. Socked in the eye so you see *cleerer* next time the mirror gets in your face. And you know you. And am REAL. And finding inside a fast ocean of plumes and gales and busted ships."



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN
Jonni and Marsha Revisited





"Come be with me," Jonni again asked Jaynee, with more ardor than before. (It was getting very *Vilmos* *Zsigmond.* Drapes of ethers of painted shapes and snuzz). Jaynee felt pressure. "No, Jonni," she protested weakly, "I like this side of the mirror". "But I need you to complete my project I have of being me," connived mirror Jonni. "I'm Sacco and Vanzetti without you O Star of boom fibre! I'm LOAM. You gotta put seeds in for anything nice to grow. You need LOAM, Jaynee, everybody needs some LOAM."

Jaynee thought hard. “If I mean that much to you then you must know how important girls are to Nature’s Scheme and how ruby-like and precious we are. And adorned with crystal plumage and sapphire eyes of dogs in fur splendor too. And that its *HARD* to be a girl sometimes--especially when the boy you sort of like poisons you...” Jonni stirred nervously on his side of the glass. That’s when, without warning, Jaynee stabbed into the now-viscous mirror at groin level and grasped Jonni firmly by his closest friends, twisting slightly.

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“This is what it feels like to be a girl sometimes, Jonni,” Jaynee sneered, possessed suddenly by Joolee’s teachings. “Oh my!” gasped Jonni as the grip tightened, “I didn’t know! I really didn’t know but now I do, so please stop! I need those for later!” But Jaynee did not relent. “I’ll come to your side because I know I have to anyway,” she said grimly, “but just remember: THESE belong to me now.” And with that Jaynee removed said objects like plums from a tree and put them in her pocket. “Ya dun wrecked me maw!” Jonni cried out as the mirror began to shake and crack...


and the Light parts
shook their loose
like a
bell
r
i
n
g
i
n
g.
Hey
cracks got
bigger
and only
black
came
out
of
them.
TALL, LIGHT is just BRITER DARK.

Blackness gave way to less black then some kinda fishy blue, blue of eyes, eyes of ol' Marsha, of all people, that our fully re-constituted Nub Jonni first saw upon awakening...



"You're alive!" Jonni exclaimed, beaming, which caused him to wince in pain because he had never 'beamed' before. "But I poisoned you..."

"Yeah," smirked Marsha, "and you suck at that like you suck at everything else. Had the trots for a few days, thank you very much. Boy, leave poisoning to girls. We're much better at it, being intrinsically evil, as we are."

"You're absolutely right, Marsha," gushed Jonni, "I'm no good. I'm so sorry I poisoned you and I'm going to make it up to you for the rest of my life."

"What are you gettin' at there, bub?" Marsha inquired listlessly.

"Marsha," Jonni said earnestly, grasping her hand, "I think we should be married immediately."

"But we're, like, 12," she replied, incredulous.

"Jesus was 12 when he got married and things worked out great for him! How do I put this? While I was away, a very tall alien lady swallowed me and turned me into a girl. So I have actually *been* you and will understand your every illogical impulse as if it were mine. It'll be like marrying yourself only with extra junk--whadda ya say, dearest?"

Marsha considered the proposition for some time. "It *would* destroy my parents, utterly," she mused. "O.K. we can ride it out for a few months in Reno till I murder you for real, but then I'm devoting my life to being a stripper in dank holes--*that's* the dream, Jonni."

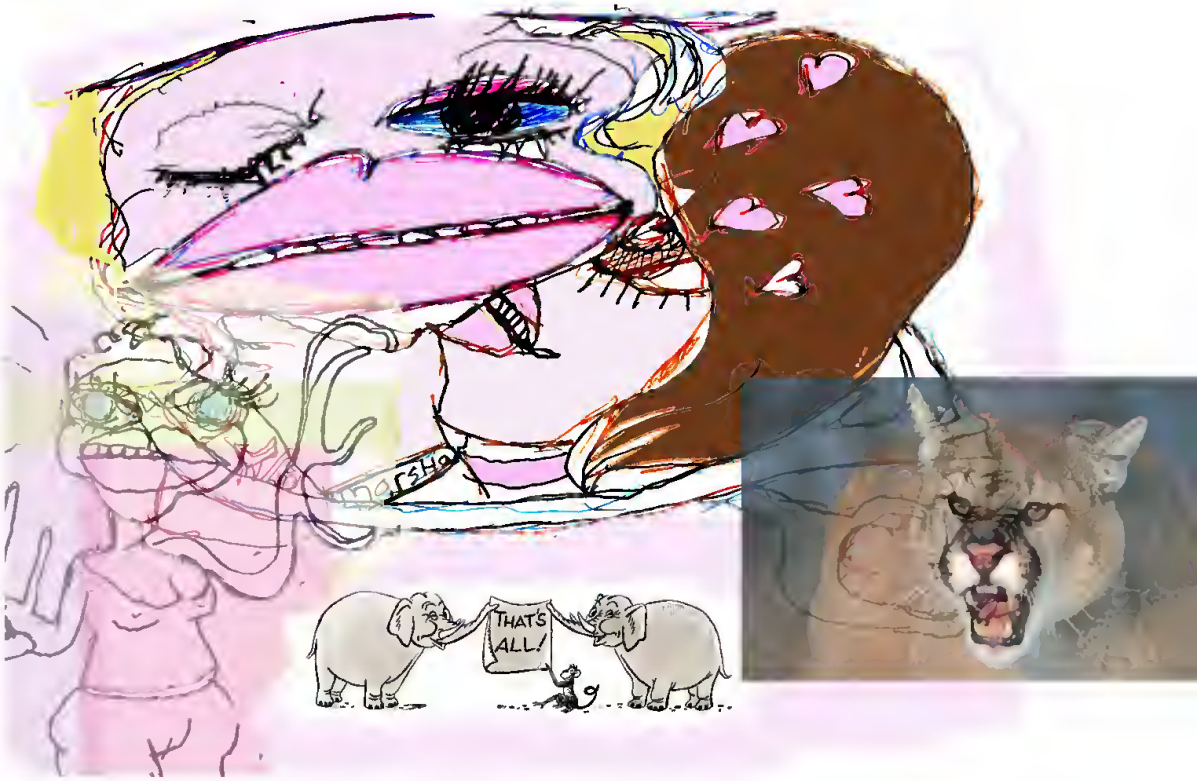
Jonni was overjoyed. "Whatever you say my precious, sweet delight. But what about the whole poisoning thing with the authorities, etc?"

"Way ahead of ya, chump," Marsha affirmed. "I blamed it on terrorists. We're 'the littlest heroes' now."

"You think of everything, Marsha! Help me up and we'll make our fast getaway on mountain bikes."
"Whatever," muttered Martha, and the young lovers cycled off into a diamond hard blue horizon.

EPILOGUE

Taking the whole 'mountain bikes' thing rather literally, Jonni and Marsha headed for the mountains, where they were mauled and eaten by, yes, a mountain lion, which lived happily ever after.





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